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SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE SPIRIT-RAPPERS," "SUNSHINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven 'twice ten for one' a friend.
GRAY.

The old-rural of Lowelstraw was one of those spots so unutterably English that it would be impossible to find anything resembling it in a foreign land. Most of the graves were simple mounds of earth, sometimes covered with flowers—and here and there with rose trees, which, the hand of affection had planted. The buried-ground contained but few headstones, and those of the humblest description—for the majority of the villagers were poor, and in the case of two noble families in the neighborhood and their vaults and monuments in the church.

This extreme simplicity was, however, more than atoned by the rich emerald turf, the magnificent yew trees—the growth of centuries—and an avenue of stately elms, leading from the rectory to the south porch, dividing the cemetery into almost equal parts.

The grave of the worthy curate had been dug beneath one of the highly-decorated windows of the church, in a species of recess formed by the massive buttresses, relics of an earlier building, demolished during the first storms of the reformation, when so many monuments of our forefathers' genius and piety were so ruthlessly swept away, never to be restored.

Long before the procession quitted the rectory the inhabitants of Lowelstraw had collected in the churchyard to pay a sad tribute of respect to the memory of their minister. The extremes of age—the hoary grandsire and the toddling babe, each with a footing upon the threshold of time, but looking different ways, stanly examined, rejoicing in its strength; woman, protected by her weakness; youth, full of bright hopes and promises—all were there, to take a last look, join in the last prayer.

The parish clerk and sexton, both in the churchyard, Josh Ledger and Captain Riddle.

The last named personage had been hovering all the morning round the rectory, impatient to obtain possession of his victim, and to off

Nature had so found so little to amuse him in any place as in Lowelstraw.

"It's main slow-is," he muttered.

"Over!" repeated the clerk, in a querulous, mortified tone. "Did you ever see such a funeral? The coffin carried on the shoulders of common laborers, and only fourteen to hold the pall! No mutes! no feathers! neither baldrics nor scarfs! nothing but miserable bits of crape, and his brother a baronet, too! What will Sir Jasper say? After giving such strict orders that everything should be conducted on the most liberal scale! and making me down to wind up the accounts."

"And why didn't you conduct it on the most liberal scale?" demanded his companion, with an air of surprise.

"Mr. Harold would not let me," replied the old man; "never met such singular ideas before; one's imagine where he got them. Would you believe it?" he continued, "he told me that although his father had lived and died poor, he should not be buried like a pauper, at any man's expense; insisted upon ordering and paying for everything himself. I was obliged to let him have his own way."

"Prince! a mere boy."

"He does not reason like a boy," said Mr. Ledger, "or, rather, there is no reasoning with him, he is so obstinate. He is to enter the counting-house; his worthy uncle, I fear, will have a great deal of trouble with him."

"Sir Jasper should have entrusted me with the direction of the funeral," observed the captain: "I'd have made it fine enough."

"I wish to goodness he had," continued the clerk, despondingly, "as will be no angry."

"That shall do worse."

John Ledger looked alarmed and bewildered; he could scarcely conceive anything more terrible than the wrath of Sir Jasper.

"What do you mean? don't terrify me, Mr. Riddle?"

"Merely that there been no money spent," remarked the latter.

"And what has that to do with it?" demanded the old man, with surprise.

The captain gave him one of those knowing winks which convey an insult in a little, according to the experience of the party to whom it is directed. In the present instance the old man threw away—the hieroglyphics on the Temple of Luxor, in palimpsest from Pompeii, to epitaph itself could not have been a greater riddle to John Ledger.

No one ever winked at him in the city.

"Well, you a queer, old man, you mistake," remarked the ruffian. "Don't you understand me?"

"I don't think I understand anything since I came into the country," answered the man of figures; "can't imagine how people can make up their minds to live in a place with only trees to look at—nothing to assist the ideas; I feel quite lost in it."

"You look as if you were," said the captain, with a laugh. "Well, then, Mr. Innocent, I'll tell you what I mean. As no money has been spent, there will be no pickings for you."

"Pickings!" repeated his companion, "pickings!"

SIR JASPER AND HAROLD.

"Commission, as you call it in Lombard street; but it is all the same thing, you know, as I'm concerned."

The clerk looked the speaker very hard in the face.

"What is the lubber staring at?" exclaimed the latter.

"Mr. Riddle," said the clerk, with a simplicity which was not without a certain touch of dignity, "I have been forty years in the house of Mansell and Company; commenced by sweeping the offices, and am not ashamed of it; got promoted to a desk, worked my way up to be senior clerk and second cashier. I have a house at Hackney, long leasehold, five pounds twelve shillings ground rent, a wife and three children, two girls and a boy, several shares in the Surrey canal, eleven hundred pounds in the three per cents, and no assurance on my life for a thousand more, besides income which I have never drawn. How do you think I gained all this?"

"How the deuce should I know?" exclaimed the former, impatiently.

"By honesty, sir! strict honesty! I can prove to a fraction every penny I have received since the day I first entered the firm, and how it has been expended or invested. Mrs. Ledger," he added, moved by a variety of recollections, and possibly by certain recollections, "might, perhaps, have been a little more clear in her accounts; but women have no head for figure, and household expenditure is rather a difficult matter to understand; the rest total, however, is down—every shilling she ever received from me."

"All of which means," observed the captain, with a sneer, "that, when a chance comes in your way, you are too great a fool to take advantage of it."

"That is your version," said John Ledger—"an honest is mine."

By this time the funeral procession had quitted the church, and the crowd stood around the grave prepared to see the interment portion of our story—the service for the dead. Even the ruffianly captain was impressed by it; and, although it contained a considerable distance from the group, involuntarily bared his head.

"It is all nonsense," he muttered to himself, as if to apologize for what he considered a weakness, "but somehow there things talk like upon a fellow in the country."

His companion, on the contrary, looked upon them as far more impressive in the city. Perhaps he was right. The contrast is greater—Death passing like a shadow over the surface of fields, and mingling with its every scene.

Towards evening Captain Riddle presented himself at the rectory, to announce the departure for the following morning.

Mrs. Sparges, the housekeeper, who opened the door to him, felt strongly disposed to close it in his face—she had taken a dislike, amounting almost to aversion, to the hard-featured, shabby-looking man, who was to take her favorite Harry to sea with him.

"I don't know," she replied, "whether Mr. Harold will see you or not. This is scarcely a day for visitors."

"I am not a visitor," observed the intruder, drily; "but a master come to claim his apprentice, whose bonds I have in my pocket—long enough already in this dog-hole of a place. Send the youngster to speak with me at once—or—"

The ruffian had raised his voice to a tone of menace, and spoke so loudly that his words were heard by the little party below the church, and Tom Mayfield were seated.

"Let me see him," said the young farmer, placing his hand upon the arm of Harold, who had risen from his chair; "I am more fit to deal with him at such a moment. Don't be frightened, Harry," he added, turning to the pale-faced boy, "you are not at sea yet."

"He must not see you, Tom," replied his friend. "Besides, it is my place to act now."

The appearance of our hero in the hall at once imposed silence, not only on the captain but the sugry housekeeper, who, in relating the circumstance to her friends, declared that it had never entered her head to ask him to close her door before.

"What is the cause of this disturbance?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir," answered Mrs. Sparges; "only this—this man insists upon seeing Master Harry. He says he means to take him to sea with him."

Here she burst into a flood of tears, and commenced wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Don't wait any longer, young gentleman," said Riddle, doggedly; "never was in Scotland in such dull waters since I have been afloat. The coach starts at seven. I have engaged two berths—your cousin must weigh anchor in the morning—that's what this old mermaid is piping her eyes about."

"A term?" repeated Harold.

"Yes."

"He will be ready. But I thought it was understood that this, the last day he will ever spend beneath my father's roof, was to be passed in peace."

"He can't be ready," exclaimed the housekeeper, who, wounded, sought to postpone the evil hour, in the hope that something might occur to prevent her favorite from quitting Lowelstraw. "I have all his things to look to—to be sure, they are not many—the less reason why they should be looked to; and—"

"My cousin will not require them for sea," interrupted Harold. "This gentleman will provide him an outfit. I think I understood you?"

"All right," said the captain, thrown completely off his guard by the businesslike reply and manner of the speaker.

"Mr. Harold," remonstrated Mrs. Sparges, bitterly, "Poor boy, poor boy! Oh, Master Harold, if your dear father were alive, he would not trust him with a—a man like that."

"It is my master," interrupted the captain, with a sneer, "that answers for his apprentice."

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"It is my master," interrupted, "observed the youth, with difficultly maintaining that outward show of dignity which he felt it necessary to keep up. "You would not have me oppose the will of Sir Jasper Mansell?"

"A sensible fellow," thought Riddle, who did not perceive the tone of bitterness in which the last words were uttered.

"To-morrow, then, at seven," he added, aloud, "it's seven," repeated Harold, "my cousin will be ready."

"I have your word."

"You have."

The ruffian quitted the house perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. In fact, it would have been a passage had he felt otherwise, seeing that, to all appearance, the speaker looked upon the appointment as one with which he had nothing. Not so the housekeeper—she could scarcely control her indignation at the selfishness of the young master.

"I could not have thought it of him," she repeatedly murmured to herself. "The thought of being in London, and being adopted by his rich uncle, has changed his heart."

What surprised her still more, and provoked her almost as much, was the resignation of Harry to his destiny. In her opinion, he appeared almost to stupidity.

This feeling, however, did not prevent the worthy woman from stipping a guinea into the little bundle of necessaries she prepared for his departure.

We need scarcely remind our readers that the period of which we are writing was in the splendid coaching days, ere iron roads had been ploughed like a network of furrows through the country, crossing and re-crossing each other in every direction. Steam, as far as land-travelling was concerned, was still in its infancy—perhaps in no scarcely be considered out of its swaddling clothes yet—grave legislators and scientific reviewers looked upon it as a myth—practical men alone believed in it, and were laughed at for their credulity.

Time has seldom done justice to a greater error.

Fanciful to the hour the Lincoln Express drove up to the inn at Lowelstraw. Jack Bloss was the coachman, threw the reins to the ostler, and, stretched majestically into the bar to take his glass of bitters with the landlady while the horses were being changed.

"Any passengers?" he asked.

"Three outsiders," replied the village hostess; "two to London, one to Oxford."

The first were Captain Riddle and his apprentice, the third Tom Mayfield.

The man to whom Sir Jasper Mansell had consigned his nephew did not feel quite sure of his prize till he saw the youth mount the box of the coach, where the young farmer was already seated. The parting with Harold had taken place at the rectory, to the extreme disgust of the housekeeper. She could scarcely refrain from telling her young master her opinion of his conduct to his cousin. Our hero read what was passing in her mind and suddenly—proof, perhaps, that he did not consider himself so exceedingly heartless.

"Now, then, just look to the off leader's bearing-rein," exclaimed the coachman, as he mounted the box. "All right?" he added, looking round.

"All right," repeated the ostlers and stable-boys.

As the high-cockaded animals started, the horse-cloths were snatched off, displaying the brightly-polished harness, with all the celerity of a trick in a pantomime. Jack Bloss held his team well in hand; and in a few minutes Lowelstraw was left behind.

The captain appeared but slightly impressed by the change of scene. He took a lounge-stands on either side, with the rich autumnal tints in the background. To the pure breath of a September morning he evidently preferred the strong odor of the short cutty-pipe stuck fast between his teeth.

"Will you change places with me?" said Tom, perceiving that the smoke came full in the face of Harry. "I don't mind it."

"If you please," replied the youth, hesitatingly.

"Stay where you are, youngster," exclaimed the ruffian, placing a rude grasp upon his shoulder and forcing him down to the seat. "I don't stand no nonsense. Take a whiff," he added, drawing the pipe from his lips. "Nothing like a bale of the dog that bit you."

"No, I thank you."

"Take it," repeated Riddle, savagely, at the same time forcing the tube upon him.

As an instant it was flying over the hedge—Tom Mayfield had dashed it from his hand. The ruffian fellow had taken a place by the Lincoln Express from no other motive than to protect Harold, and promised the latter that he would.

We shall see how he kept his word.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Riddle, with an oath.

"That smoking does not like smoking," replied the young farmer, coolly; "neither do I, and, moreover, I did not choose to object to it on my own account."

"Dogger, coachman! port your helm!" roared the captain. "I've lost my pipe; stop your cutter instant it, you'll you?"

"Never pull up for any one," said Blossom. "I've lost my pipe, I tell you."

"Get another at the next stage."

This fell monstrously inclined to wrath his temper upon the unoffending youth beside him, but there was something in his manner so determined—said a glance so resolute from the wiry, active-looking rustic opposite to him—that he restrained himself.

"Only wait," he thought, "till I get him on board ship."

"You haven't got him yet," mentally ejaculated Tom, who read what was passing in his mind.

At the first stage where the Express changed horses, a fourth passenger took his seat behind. Riddle, who had been accustomed to measure men—that is to say, their sinews, strength, and muscles—in almost every corner of the globe, gazed upon him with astonishment; never had he seen such a young giant as the new-comer, whose age could not have exceeded twenty, or, at the most, twenty-one. His limbs were cast in the true Saxon mould; he had a broad chest, which rose and fell at every breathing, like a blacksmith's bellows; and arms, with a pair of sledge-hammer looking fists, red and hardened by honest labor, at the end of them.

The countenance of this remarkable-looking traveller presented a singular contrast with the rest of his person. The features were mild and almost boyish in their expression; there was a merry twinkle in his clear blue eye indicating an inflexible peculiarity, perhaps, a vast amount of fun and love of mischief.

Had a dwarf or a pot-boy seen him, he would have exclaimed at once, "Puck under a microscope!" We can ask upon no better simile for conveying an idea of Joe Anvil to our readers.

"Good morning, Master Harry," said the young giant, respectfully. "I've been a-goin' to leave us, then? sorry for it; we shall miss thee at Lewelstree."

"And I shall miss the kind friends I have left there," replied the youth, sadly.

"Shall I never get free from those infernal rustics?" muttered the captain.

"And thee, Master Tom," continued Joe Anvil, "and thee agoin' to Lunnon, too."

"Only as far as Allen," answered the young farmer.

This piece of information sounded some satisfaction to the spoon of Sir Jasper Mansell. It would rid him, at least, of one of his fellow-travellers, against whom, without any known wrong why, he began to entertain an amount of suspicion.

A second hour's ride brought them to Allen, where the travellers had ten minutes allowed them for breakfast, the hurry and scramble of which we need not describe to those who remember the good old coaching days.

"Down with you, Riddle, roughly, to his apprentice, who appeared to be seized with a sudden interest; "will be the first bootsing about?"

"There is no ladder, sir."

"Ladder!" repeated the ruffian, with an oath; "once on board ship, I will show you of such fuscies."

By this time Tom Mayfield and Joe Anvil had descended, and assisted the pale, terrified boy to alight.

"Courage," whispered the former; "now is the time."

In descending from his seat, the back of the captain was momentarily turned towards him.

"What beast thee scrangled to be?" exclaimed Joe Anvil, with affected anger.

"Stand from the wheels, lout."

"I stand where I lolks," replied the young giant.

More angry words followed between them. Riddle, in his passion, Tom Mayfield and Harry were flying along the road towards a wood on the other side of the village, where the young farmer's secret had been waiting since daybreak for him.

The pretended quarrel—pretended, at least, on one side—might have been continued some time longer but for the broad grin which came over the honest face of the rustic, as he saw his friend disappear. Riddle caught the expression, and saw that he had been deceived, his conscience told him with what treachery.

"Dang me if he shall," muttered Joe, "if I have to wrastle with him for't."

"Only as far as the wood—hold on!" said the young farmer.

Poor Harry cast a despairing look behind him as the pursuer was drawing fearfully near.

"I can't!" he gasped; "my breath is gone!" Tom turned suddenly round and faced the captain, who laughed scornfully. The ruffian felt no fear of him.

"Run!" cried the young farmer, thrusting his hand into the pocket of his shooting-jacket. "Run, I command you!"

"But, then," added the speaker, drawing forth a cricket-ball.

He was the best bowler in the club, and the only one who could pitch a parasol at under the belt, doubling bise, to use his own expression, at the first ball and the first wicket.

A general burst of triumph broke from the lips of Joe Anvil as the ball was delivered. He laughed, danced, almost cried with delight.

"Hurrah! hurrah! now thee may sit!" "Long live Tom Mayfield! Did'ee ever see better play than that?" he added, appealing to the coachman.

Mr. Blossom admitted that the ball was very prettily delivered.

Meanwhile, the hero of their admiration and his companion were leisurely pursuing their way towards the wood.

Harry was not gone to see. I thought you were going to run," remonstrated the latter, in anger.

"And so I ought to have done," murmured the youngster, looking after him; "but he has his good, gone father's heart, but a clearer head than I have."

We shall see how it will serve him in the trials, temptations and vicissitudes to which youth is exposed in the evergreen Babylon called London.

CHAPTER IV.

The burning circle whose fire knows no light thereof,
Deserters but wonder where the sun shines forever.
Cups, universe heroes, how to meet at night-fall,
And lower a blaze, or leave the sea all night.
WILLIAM BARNES.

The firm of Sir Jasper Mansell and Company had long been looked upon as not only one of the wealthiest, but one of the most respectable houses in the city. For years, nothing approaching to an unpleasant rumor had been heard

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touching its proceedings. The worst thing said, or rather hinted, was to rather than the head of the establishment being an exceedingly keen man of business, cautious and safe—exceedingly safe for himself. The world will be envious!

The banking-house, many of our readers will doubtless recollect, using that it has only lately been pulled down to make way for a modern structure, was a gloomy red brick mansion, with white stone facings, erected in the reign of Queen Anne, when merchants and bankers made their homes in the same locality where they made their money. A broad oaken staircase led to the upper rooms; the lower ones contained a library of offices, occupied by a numerous staff of clerks, and a private one, looking into a narrow court-yard, lectured by buildings on either side, the sanctum of the head of the firm.

In this inclosure the sun rarely or never found an entrance.

Sir Jasper was seated in his room, looking over the foreign correspondence. Although exceedingly punctiliously in his person, there was that indescribable something about him which smirked of the city. Most certainly it was not dress, for his clothes were of the fashionable cut, without being too conspicuous, nor was the banker was about fifty; he had close, dark hair, and whiskers slightly tinged with gray, a piercing eye, rather bushy brows, and a pleasant, well-to-do sort of smile about the lips —this, when he was pleased; it was one of the easiest when the expression became sinister.

"In a few minutes," said he, addressing to the clerk, who announced the return of John Ledgeby—"in a few minutes," *also I say.*

The man of money continued to peruse his letters, making notes at the same time, and when one or two he placed in his desk, and turned the key.

Having finished his occupation, he called up a smile, and rang the bell.

The appearance of Harold rather surprised him. He expected to see a handsome, dashing, the elegant, self-possessed young man who regarded to his own mind would with perfect ease and good breeding.

"It has been a sad blow to us all," he observed, glancing at his nephew's drop mourning, "and I have felt it severely. My brother and myself did not meet frequently in our years, but we were excellent friends."

"My dear father ever spoke of you with kindness," replied he, "and I have no doubt you will be very much missed."

"Two days before I took my departure."

"With Captain Hardie?"

"With Captain Riddle," repeated Harold.

Strange I should not have heard of somefully circulated his uncle. "He cannot have sailed without informing me."

"And how does he like the prospect of going to sea?" demanded the banker, carelessly.

"Not very well, Sir Jasper," replied the young man, unhesitatingly, for he saw that dissimulation was most painful; we had been companions from childhood, brothers in all but name, for many; my father never made the slightest distinction between us."

"He was wrong," said the banker; "as boys, he acted unwisely. You are a fortunate young man to enter my society—he is an hurry. But we will not speak upon that subject just now. So Riddle; it is a painful one, at least to me, and you are too young to enter into my feelings completely you would like to see over the establishment. I trust you will soon become thoroughly acquainted with it. I have no intention to keep from my son. Augustus is in the army; his good-father was a royal duke."

To the surprise of the great city magnate, his nephew did not appear in the slightest degree impressed by the fact that his cousin had had a royal duke for his godfather, and that he was in consequence in consequence his intelligence.

Lovelstone must be a real out-and-out place, he thought.

Ringing for one of the clerks, he directed the young man to conduct Harold over the bank, and explain such departments as he chose.

"I have at four," he added, extending his hand; "and, like most city men, I dine early.

"I shall remember, sir."

Our boy would much rather have been left to himself to analyze the impressive his uncle's words, manner, and reception had produced, whether it was still from mere pride, or if he sincerely was he expressed by this desire, that his conductor like impressed him with a sense of stupid or apathetic. Not even the strong room, whose massive doors he passed on, appeared to rouse him.

"He will do no good in the city," thought the clerk.

"What place is that?" demanded Harold, pointing to the little entrance or courtyard.

"That is the garden."

"A garden, with only one tree!" observed the former, with a smile; "a conservatory for sunshine or birds?"

"Say your pardon, Mr. Marsell," said the young man, "but the sun does shine sometimes, I have even seen it; and as for the birds, a pair of rooks build regularly every year in the tree in the centre, and rear their young there."

"Poor things!" murmured his hearer, unconsciously, "poor things!"

"Who is that?" he exclaimed, as so aged man, thin, and bent with age, made his appearance in the square, and seated himself upon a chair directly opposite the window of Sir Jasper's private room.

"That is old Chambers."

"A clerk?"

"No."

"Does he belong to the bank?"

"It would almost seem that the bank belonged to him," replied the clerk, good-humoredly. "No one knows exactly who or what he is, except Mr. Ledger, and he never speaks of him. One thing, at least, is certain—that he is a privileged person, does exactly as he pleases, lives on what he likes, and, lowering his voice, "that his head of the firm himself comes gid of him."

"And why not?"

"Because Sir Jasper's father-in-law, who founded the bank, left it in his will that Mark Chambers should be allowed to reside in the rooms above as long as he lived. No one can turn him out. But I beg pardon, I forgot that I was speaking with the nephew of my employer—I ought to have been more discreet. It would cost me my situation," added the young man, "were you to repeat what I have so inconsiderately uttered, to your uncle; and I have a silver dependent on me."

"You need not be under the slightest uneasiness," replied our hero; "the indiscretion has been in my questioning you. I am not generally curious; but, there is something in the appearance of the old man that greatly interests me."

Mark Chambers was, in truth, no commonlooking personage. Tall, bowed and most lightly, he appeared yet taller from his extreme slimness. His features by youth must have been handsome, for even in age they preserved that sharp, delicate outline which gives a stateliness expression to the countenance—a resemblance heightened, in his case, by extreme paleness. The eyes were blue and piercing; there was also great determination in the chin, closely-compressed lips.

His dress consisted of a plain brown suit, such as must have been worn forty years ago by the porter of one of our great private banks, grey worsted stockings, and shoes with large buckles. Instead of a hat, he wore a kind of black silk skull-cap, from beneath which his bright hair descended almost to his shoulders.

"I could imagine there was a poem or a mystery in that old man's life," thought Harold, at he stood gazing at him through the window of the office, dark with the dust of years. "Does he never leave the bank?" he asked.

"Never?"

"How is he to finish?"

"None."

"No family?"

"His only son, I have heard, was murdered by burglars, who broke into the house nearly twenty years ago. He was a prodigal, and sent notes to a large amount," replied the clerk; "at last Sir Jasper drew a stroke his pen through the recollection of Mark Chambers from his mind, and, I believe, has never spoken to or strolled round the Royal Exchange and the neighboring purlieus of the Mansion House.

"Thirty years since," he repeated to himself, "my uncle must have been a very young man then."

A few minutes before the appointed hour he was summoned to his uncle's room, and ushered through the clerk's office by Sir Jasper's private door, when his emotions could not be other than exceedingly yellow and bilious.

"Well, Riddle, and what say you?" inquired the ruffian, not recognising him.

"I am a great stranger to you yourself," replied our hero, coolly. "How is Harry?" he added, with a sneering laugh. "Is he still in the land of the leg? I must see him before he sails."

The ruffian looked as if he were scared, with ill-suppressed passion.

"Is your name Jack on board, young gentleman," he replied; "and as for seeing him, you must look sharp."

"Now, Mr. Riddle," said John Ledger, who had removed his hat, and stood by the door, "I have only five minutes to fine."

The ruffian made a step forward, but Lovelstone landed a check to him over the counter.

"Let my uncle alone, sir!"

"A hundred in gold, and a hundred in notes."

"Two hundred pounds!" ejaculated Harold to himself, "and I have only seventeen shillings!"

The next instant he found himself in the room with Sir Jasper, and Mr. Ledger, and the accountant had strongly called.

"I am sorry you should have been deceived; we need not inform our readers which.

On the day of the inquest, above, where the brother had his private residence, he gently reminded Sir Jasper of his own intimacy with the pride, in refusing to allow John Ledger to carry out the arrangements he had made for his brother's funeral.

"It's all a pride, uncle."

"What was it then?"

"Respect for my father's memory. He died owing no man a shilling, beloved and respected by all who knew him. Gentlemen, I tad another question."

"Name it," said the relative.

"Perhaps I shall offend you?"

"Say."

"I would not do so willingly," added Harold, "yet must risk it, for I cannot forfeit my own self-respect. Sir Jasper, I am informed that you would the inhabitants of Lovelstone have brought into their parish a subscription for a hearse and for one who had lived and died poor as my father?"

"Stand back," said Sir Jasper, in a voice that instead of bread his brother gave him a stone?"

The man of gold started at the reproof, and sank back in his luxurious carriage without uttering a word.

"I told you I should offend you," said his nephew after a pause.

"You have not offended me," murmured Sir Jasper, "only I feel more than ever the responsibility of explaining my conduct, which, after all, you have no right to question."

To this observation our hero made no reply.

"Well, then, you are too young; to the second, you possess no clue to the motive. But enough of this," added the baronet; "we can say nothing consistent with each other's pages is fair and mortified. Judge me as you will but not in my presence."

By this time they reached the mansion of the deceased, and were ushered into the drawing-room, then into the drawing-room, where Lady Mansell and her two daughters were sitting in deep mourning.

The elder was seated at the piano. Being somewhat short-sighted, she had approached close to notice her rustic cousin. Her sister, who was the less favored by nature of the two, possessed, of beauty, unclouded him with frank cordiality.

"Harold, my dear boy," said Lady Mansell, good-humoredly.

Her lady gratefully accepted the salute.

"And your cousins," added her husband.

"You have not forgotten us, my brother," said he, "that we have not been brought up at Lovelstone. We have most regretted it."

"Willingly," replied our hero, at the same time looking towards the younger one, who, as it is miss seemed for her self-possession, walked up to him blushingly, and presented her hand.

"I had often wished," said Harold, as he pressed it lightly with his lips, "to see my cousins."

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE TRUE SCIENTIFIC MAN.—His mind should always be awake to devotional feeling; and in contemplating the variety and beauty of the external world, and the wonders of the scientific wonders, he will always refer to that Infinite Wisdom through whose beneficence he is permitted to enjoy knowledge. In becoming wiser he will become better; he will rise at once in the scale of intellectual and moral existence; his increased sagacity will be subservient to a more exalted faith; and, in proportion as the veil becomes thinner through which he sees the cause of things, he will admire more the brightness of the divine light by which they are rendered perceptible.

A NEW ENGLAND SEMINARY.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

It is a raw October day, when, after some four or five hours of cold and tedious stage from the railway car, upon the platform belonging to the — station. A cheerful fire in the large, Hollo low wooden building standing in a gorge, with pine forests on either side, and a sandy looking road in the distance, and a red village directly certain, much lead to "the Hill." Here you see a large, old-fashioned country settlement; the train darts off, and you find as by and by, that you have been left alone in "bowling wilderness." Then you remember that somebody, or perhaps, somebody's luggage in the line, and you go in search of her. You see local stage—conveyance of possession and your baggage—for all necessary arrangements have been made at the office—and you find, and (whatever an English or a French young lady may be capable of,) a Yankee girl can be trust-ed to convey herself to school—or if needs be, to the world's end—without more than the need of a protector of either sex. You go into the village room, and there is the girl looking discomfited enough, and surrounded by a crowd with the misses of students, male or female, and boxes. She is not pretty—she is shy and rather awkward, but there is fun and good nature in her face, and you accost her at once, and ask if she is going to school. Yes—she is—for the winter—she does not know. She feels that her name is "Parthenia Blodgett," and you get the little information you like to have before carrying her stay upon "The Hill." You tell her that your name is Grey, and that your baggage check comes that is to carry you to the village, and the boxes, with the numbers over them, you arrive, and are ushered into the study of the — academy, and there you find the Principal, as, as a matter of course, assigns you different rooms. She is a tall, handsome man, who dark hair and eyes, and glossy whiskers. He wears a black coat, and a pair of very conspicuous white shirt, but, finery, are more for ornament than convenience, and he wears over a screen from behind which he can watch work, and hear, His wife is small and quiet—cold in her manner, and rather pretty, with a look of weariness about of the eye that tell tales. On the whole you get a good idea of the "Hill" from the first passage with Paris in search of your rooms.

You are shown into a large room, and a voice sings out "come?" Accepting the invitation, you enter, and find yourself in the midst of a small, neat looking apartment, carpeted, with two windows, curtained with white, and furnished in one corner—a table covered with books and papers, and a chair before it. Behind this table and a stout, indolent looking girl with fair hair, and a face that would be pretty were it not for its bungling in an easy chair near the register, and the Principal's wife in the other, and a fire in the grate, and a sofa in the middle of the room, and a table covered with books and work-baskets, and her name (for they have a ludicrous custom here of doing so) written in white letters upon the passage with Paris in search of your rooms.

You are shown into the room, and you knock, a voice sings out "come?" Accepting the invitation, you enter, and find yourself in the midst of a small, neat looking apartment, carpeted, with two windows, curtained with white, and furnished in one corner—a table covered with books and papers, and a chair before it. Behind this table and a stout, indolent looking girl with fair hair, and a face that would be pretty were it not for its bungling in an easy chair near the register, and the Principal's wife in the other, and a fire in the grate, and a sofa in the middle of the room, and a table covered with books and work-baskets, and her name (for they have a ludicrous custom here of doing so) written in white letters upon the passage with Paris in search of your rooms.

The rooms and the bell are quiet enough; but the sound of gay voices fall upon your ear, and you hear the sound of many feet coming and going, and throwing open the door after one peeling bell, you find yourself in the passage, and the young girls—two of whom are seated on the sofa, and the rest standing around—occupied the register. All the faces turn towards you, and the blunder through your part of the introduction, and you find yourself in the midst of a crowd, and making them all amiable. Then you sit down on the sofa between the two girls that are small edges, and watch Patie, who has a coal way of her own, and who, you soon find, is at once at home with them at once, though they are all strangers to her as well as to you. As the conversation begins again, and somebody broke the door, you find yourself more deeply engrossed. You have only heard their names once, and you are not sure, to your dying day, forget them, and recognize them at once, and call them by them with Lizzie George, a tall, dark, restlessly looking girl, with a pale face, large eyes, and (as she) has dreadful fits of "the blues," yet is nevertheless a favorite. Then there is contrast in Her own "chum," a slight little creature, Nelly Ray, with a bright complexion, and a face that is very quiet, leans on her shoulder, puts in a word now and then in a low, subdued voice, and looks at you as if her throat were full of canary birds. A The rest of girls are all of the "happy" and happy face of a child, sits on the bed and plays with Lizzie George's curls, and occasionally says and more womanly looking, with an air of fretious ness, that is very pretty, and very much like white hand, and so displays a handsome ruby ring upon the third finger. They also are friends and room-mates—Reynolds and Hannah Barnes—and they occupy No. 6, while Lizzie George and Nelly Ray live with you in No. 5.

But not lost, in the group, is a merry, healthy looking girl, with a rosy face, curly hair, very like the blouse of blue eyes, and the brownest of hair, playing and romping with Patie in No. 3. Her name is Carrie—Carrie Curtiss, she is your next door neighbor, and you will find her a very greatest you when you come in, and in which you will find yourself very much at home. You very sure that you shall find no fault with the rooms and boarding-house arrangements.

The twilight deepens as you sit dear scenes of home, and you find yourself in the midst of a terra firma, now will it be till Monday, and this is the first Saturday night. Your trunks have not yet seen to be learned, you sit and laugh at the stories they are telling about the "Scrapes" of the last term, and you find yourself in the midst of the blunt of blue eyes, and the brownest of hair, playing and romping with Patie in No. 3. Her name is Carrie—Carrie Curtiss, she is your next door neighbor, and you will find her a very greatest you when you come in, and in which you will find yourself very much at home. You very sure that you shall find no fault with the rooms and boarding-house arrangements.

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"Hush!" says Nelly Fisher, "I hear bells. Perhaps they are coming this way."

"Bells!" repeats Lizzie George, in a dismal, melodic. And listening, you all hear them distinctly; and what a fe-rors, know them, for one has such care but the principal, and you remember with horror that you have not yet been on before, that he is to go by the last train to London that very night. Were your trunks brought in such a way?

"Oh, dear!" cries Miss Du. You all spring upon the sled, it is your only chance of safety, and with a very loud as the well-known bell sounds upon the brow of the hill. Now, good sled runners, do your best! You go like the wind, and the snow from the brow of the hill, white horse comes faster, for his master is late. You top in the well-known bell, and the horse, his look round, and whisper between your set teeth: "Don't scream, you'll be caught," and you make straight at it at the same breathing moment. A instant of indecision—you are on through—just as the white horse bears his master between your way; but cheering straight, you have the grasp of pine trees, without the power of stopping, and the horse and rider are clear of you upon the glazed crust. "Hill off, rail off!" you hear the angry voice, trembling in every tongue like so many legs. Before you can follow their example, the sled bursts the trees—tingles to your ears and all is dark.

By and by you open your eyes. Your head is lying in Carrie's lap, and she is softly rubbing your hands and feet. But Carrie is crying. You get up, a little giddy, but that is nothing—and then every one laughs heartily at their escape from two dangers—even Carrie smiles through her tears. The sled, luckily unhurt, is close at hand, and turning up the hill you restore it to its place, and bind your gay companions home. All is safe—and you enter one after another without any trouble, except Burgess, who has to be drawn up by the united efforts of the company, as if she were a bag of wool. You sleep soundly enough that night, and so one ever knows of your frolic.

Of course, you do not pass the three years without falling in love. At first it is your handsome music master, who is engaged, but who takes much notice of you. He marries on the New Year's Day after you come, and you shut yourself up in your room all day, and refuse to eat. Carrie looks very sober, little Lucy pines away, Lizzie George suggests arsenic—she has just been reading the Newgate Calendar. But you get over being miserable about that, and going down into the recreation-room, (for it is a gala evening, and the gentlemen are admitted,) you make an impression on George Carlton's friend Edward—the son of a wealthy banker in the city—and the second master is quite forgotten. Edward and you play at chess that evening, under the eyes of your governess, but you manage to make some moves she does not see, and the key whispers, as you pass good night, that he shall dream of you, that he must see you again, and—

It is the beginning of the purest, the most unselfish love your heart will ever know. How eager you both are! How you write notes every hour of the day—how jealous you grow upon the slightest cause—how you long for each other after a little till, and then pretend not to look! Edward is handsome, clever, and, above other every quarrel—ah, it is a bitter upon errors! and you love him. The spring-time of life, the spring-time of love, and the spring-time of the year! And you may think, but no other two, once gone, are gone forever!

The months fly quicker than ever now, and you are going to leave school—the examinations are over, and the day—your birthday—is the day before the holidays. Edward is among the first; and you are going to say good-by, and the great moment carries them away. Edward is among the first; and you are going to say good-by, and the great moment carries them away. Edward is among the first; and you are going to say good-by, and the great moment carries them away

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

O Thou, whose eye all hearts can see—
Who all our joys and woes can share—
Bend Thou, benignly, unto me,
And listen to the sinner's prayer!

Not to my restless spirit—not "Peace!"
To my unbelief—not "Be still!"
But are my sinful wanderings cause—
And hear me humbly to Thy will!

Break Thou my cold and hardened pride—
Tame Thou my will, benighted, blind—
My wayward footsteps safely guide,
Where Thou, all-loving, walkest yet!

Wash Thou my sin-stained conscience white—
Make my soul's venture vitals' void pure—
Open mine eyes to see the light
Of Thy Word, sacred, holy, sure!

Make me a little child again,
And lead me with a Father's hand,
That I may rise, all trustingly,
Wherever Lord, Thou dost command!

Take me, where I am done with earth,
To make my home, for ever, with Thee—
Give me, thro' a heavenly birth,
A life of immortality!

HATTIE.

DON BARTOLO;
OR,
FORTUNE'S PRAISE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

"In 1850," said the friend who told me this story, "I landed on the Peruvian port of Callao, and after stopping a few days to arrange some preliminary business with the commercial house to which I had brought letters, I procured a number of mules to convey my baggage and provisions for the journey, and with the necessary number of peons to take charge of them, and to act as guides, took my departure for the interior.

"I had been employed as an attorney to settle the somewhat complicated concerns of an Iowa-vers Mining Company, whose speculation had turned out to be a mad, foolish affair, but with the interests of my clients to a considerable extent.

"My first destination was to the little village city of Puno, in the vicinity of which was situated one of the establishments of the company.

"I had been several days on the journey, and had reached within a single day's travel of the place, when, after encamping for the night in a deep, mountainous valley, the mules were found escaped, taking with them my knave of a Peruvian servant, together with the most part of my outfit and my own saddle-horse; leaving me entirely alone in that wild glen, and plunged in longings away from my human inhabitants.

"My situation was anything but enviable. For awhile, after I discovered their desertion, I studied out the cemetery of the fellows; and when I examined the baggage the knaves had left behind, and ascertained that not only my bedding, but the papers relating to the business that had brought me to the country were safe, I checked the angry thoughts that were rising to my lips, and congratulated myself that matters were worse. Before to-day, however, I situated as I was in that lonely spot, and alone, I complained with the meanest, for everything was covered with a network of multo-pains, I hardly know. But after an hour's reflection, I determined to remain where I was till some party of muleteers or other travellers should appear in the valley, with whom I could again resume my journey.

"Fortunately, the spot where we had halted was a regular camping ground, and before night I was gladdened by the sound of an approaching human foot, and was soon joined by a party of peons, with whom on the following morning I recommenced my journey, and reached Puno in safety. Here I had the good luck to recover my horse, but never again encountered my treacherous dependant upon the road.

"After several weeks of lucrative labor, and enlisted by the *aficionados* and his obliging family, I completed my business with the affairs of this establishment, and prepared to leave the place on my way to another settlement, which was situated on the other side of the Sierra, in Bolivia. But before undertaking this task of unwelcome journey it was necessary that I should be provided with a faithful and experienced servant, who could act as cook, groom, and man of all work. The difficulty of securing a servant of this class in South America I had frequently heard of, and how experienced I found it every days I was engaged in making inquiries for a suitable person, but among the numerous applicants none were such as I felt it safe, with my amount of money, to employ.

"At length, as I was about to give up the search in disgust, I was called upon by a gentleman of a rather prepossessing countenance and address, whose appearance, in spite of his wretched habiliments, interested me in his behalf, and I entered the room where I was engaged in writing letters, the applicant continued standing near me, approaching to the middle of the floor, inquired if I had yet been successful in engaging the services of a servant.

"No, I answered: 'have you any friend to recommend?' I asked the question, hardly imagining that my visitor was in search of any employment for himself, for I immediately perceived by his appearance, and his peculiar cast of the voice, that it was an office to which he had never yet descended.

"Yes, Señor,' said he, with what I thought was a comical smile, 'I wish to offer myself, and mend the only friend I have in this country, which is myself.'

"You! wish to engage as a *servant?* and I was about to put the usual question of 'What can you do? can you rub down a horse and saddle him? can you cook an chile? can you make mule and corrals?' &c., which are propounded to similar applicants. But I saw something in the haughty curl of the Spaniard's lip, which checked the words before they were uttered, and I added merely by a single question to him to whom I should refer for a character.

"'Your highest reference, do you, Señor?' he replied, with a tone of injured dignity, which I thought he had no right to assume, and then, throwing himself into an attitude that I regarded as extremely disrespectful, he said the letter he continued—'You may refer to whoever you please, Señor. But although I have been a resident of this miserable town for the last six months, I believe if there is a person in it who knows me. Yet I hope there is in the world some solitary mansion in which the accident of a man's being destitute of friends need not make him a subject of doubt or suspicion, or obstruct his honest endeavors to better his condition.'

"'Oh, you think so, do you?' said I; 'and in truth, my friend, I more than half agree with you. And since you tell me that I also am a stranger in the country like yourself, far from my personal resources, and I greatly doubt if my present means will warrant me in engaging your services. I fear you will expect a larger remuneration than I can afford.'

"'Oh, Señor!' was his instant reply, as he raised himself once more to an upright position, while his nostrils were dilated with an expression of pride, 'you misunderstand me. I do not ask for your money. All I require is my daily bread, and a free conduct to Bolivia. If, when we reach your destination, you should see fit to give me some assistance to enable me to reach my native country, I shall feel myself eternally your debtor. I will accept of no wages, but will, nevertheless, prove myself a faithful, and, I trust, efficient servant.'

These last words were uttered under the timidly disguised pangs of a wounded spirit, which can scarcely be understood by those who have never experienced the sufferings of homeless adversity. I appreciated them, and felt myself immediately subdued.

"'You will again to-morrow morning,' said I.

"'*Muy bueno,*' (very good,) replied the Spaniard, and with a military salute he left the apartment.

"In the meantime I made several inquiries about the man, and found that his name was Don Bartolo he was a Spaniard, and had served in the royal army against the liberals. As such he had rendered himself repugnant to popular regard, and was looked upon something in the light of an enemy. But none pretended to know any evil against him, other than the crime for which he might have been punished, and which he might be a rogue.

"There was a time when it was no disgrace to have been a soldier, and to have served in the armies of Spain; but, though 'and when it was,' the land's integrity none dared to doubt. His word was a sacred bond, and so considered all over the world. Surely the noble principles which were warmed into life in the hearts of Spain, had cannot yet have been all extinguished. I would even take this poor fellow's word, and risk it with my brother and two servants.

"With this determination I concluded the final arrangements for my journey, and awaited the return of Don Bartolo.

"Early in the morning he made his appearance, and announced that all my arrangements of taking him into my service, he expressed, in a quiet way, as one accustomed to the rule, he suddenly presented him with the title deeds of my valuable estate.

"'I have been told,' said I, 'that you are a Spaniard, and have you ever been in the service in this country?'

"'*Yo soy del sefior* (it is true, sir,) I have been so unfortunate, as the creoles regard it, not my fidelity to my king and country has been the cause of my misfortunes, for which I am always confessed.'

"'I hope not,' said I. 'And now Bartolo, if you are regularly installed into office, you may look upon me as your friend, and I will be caring for our journey, which we will commence this day. You will find your horse already saddled for your own use.'

"I now left the room, but with a manner which convinced me more than ever, that the office of 'man and boy' was not the one assigned to him, and I almost began to regret that I had employed him.

"But contrary to my fears, the Spaniard proved a most faithful attendant, and was ever ready to perform my service, which, during the journey, was considerable, with promptness and zeal. He could cook an olla as a true Spaniard, and his coffee was never exceeded in relish anything of the kind I had ever tasted; while under his processing my sadden horses improved daily in condition and spirit. In short he was all that a traveller ever could wish, and pumps of that country could desire in a man.

"On reaching my destination in Bolivia, I paid off my peons and mules, and prepared for my their return to Puno. As for Bartolo, I was under no necessity to pay him any thing for service. But knowing the poor fellow's destination as regarded his wardrobe, I sent for him and paid him also.

"At first he refused to touch the gold, insisting that the terms of his engagement had already been complied with. He had had food and safely conduct into the country, and that was all he had any right to expect. But after a while he overcame his scruples, and on his accepting the money, proposed to him to remain with me till he left the country, and that he decided, with that with the amount of his wages, he could reach the Atlantic coast, and there take a ship passage to his beloved Spain, from which he had now been absent for many years.

"'Twenty years!' I repeated, 'surely that is a long time to be absent from one's native land.'

"'True, señor,' was the reply, 'and for six years of them I was a slave in the galleys, for the very beginning to the ending of the revolutionary troubles of my country. But I have not always excepted my present position, and have been happy in it.'

"'Saying this, the Spaniard, with an expression of lofty pride I had never before observed in him, drew from his pocket a dilapidated wallet, from which he took a piece of soiled parchment, and after placing them in my hands walked proudly out of the room.

"The parchment paper I opened proved to be a king's commission, dated December, 1818, 'appointing the Lieutenant Don Bartolo, of the Regimento de Castilla in the regiment of Santa Diego, &c. &c., with the seal of the king, and the signature.

"'*Capitain! Don Bartolo!*' said I, with astonishment, as I took up the next document and opened it.

"This was dated four years later than the first, in the city of La Paz, and was signed by the same Captain Don Bartolo M. de Morales, but, by order of the general of the body, he had declared himself to receive an arrear of pay amounting to one thousand pesos, the half of which, as a concilliate act forth, the recipient had generously remitted (as testimonial of the highest Spanish and in consequence of the urgency of the times,) to the use and benefit of the government of Bolivia.

"'*Thus*, Captain Don Bartolo,' thought I, 'is God and sufficient evidence of your loyalty and generosity, are for the time being, quite unquestioned.'

"This proved to be another commission, dated July, 1838, and signed by the viceroy, La Serna, promoting Don Bartolo to the rank of major, and to the 66th regiment of Santa Diego, to that of Lieutenant Colonel, and to the service of the regiment of Lancers.

"This was entirely rapid promotion, and I was prepared for the announcement which met my eye, that the Spaniard, unfortunate while he was a commission appointing the brave Lieutenant Colonel Don Bartolo M. de Morales, to colonelcy and command of the '*Aisagre del*' (ever faithful) *Regiment de los Lanceros de Los Reyes.*

"I cannot say why it was; but it is certain, that my own name into the company, I had never had so other time.'

"After a short while began to dawn upon Anna's mind this she liked Dill better than any one she had ever seen. He was so handsome, he had a voice that was music itself, in its deep, yet clear and ringing tenor; he read aloud so admirably; he convinced so well on a wide range of topics; and was so true and genuine in character; and, above all, he loved her so much.

She began to wish that he was not a farmer, that his family, except Kizzie, were a little more presentable, and, above all, that they had not such queer names.

"Aunt Rooney," she said, one day, as the old lady sat by the side of her couch preparing strawberries for tea, "isn't your name Rose or Rosa? I should think you would like to be called so better than Rooney."

"Rose is if my mother's given me one of them new-fangled names! Rooney's a nickname, as be sure, it's better, and easier spoken, than Arabella, anyway. My folks was always powerful on names; they mostly give Scripture names; but they was sot mightily on Arabella, like Rosa."

"But I like your real name better than Rooney," said Anna.

"Do you? I'm satisfied, and I wish Dill and Kizzie was. Dill, Johnathin Dillovay's his name, never'd a got such a contemptible nickname as Dill, if his mother hadn't a named him after her uncle Dillovay, who promised to give him the farm for his name, and then went and got married to a young wife, and died without a will, and she and her children got every dollar he owned. Sister used to cry about it, in her last sickness, and say she wished she'd named him Nehemiah, as she wanted to; and she often said if she should live to have a dozen sons, she'd name them all Nehemiah."

"And Kizzie?"

"Kizzie's a good Scripter name, too. You like Scripter names, don't you? I guess you're like Mr. Taylor; for they named you Anny, and your father's name is Daniel, and your mother's Mary, ain they?"

Anna assented, though venturing to say that there might be a choice even in Scripture names.

Heedless old man, as often as such step they were to be taken, and the more she pressed, the more she clung to the idea.

In life in a manner, the morning shadows seem lake away, while those of evening reach forward to the east, and mingle with the coming darkness.

Don't hesitate to show a hungry that you are kind to him, or you subtract the best part of the food you offer.

Don't be afraid to speak an evil without end, although it is in their power to make also the end of it.

Every unkind remember upon the highway of life, leaves a thorn to hinder us from the straight course.

Every unkind editor is a hard case. Death may no doubt save him down, but not without making a big gap in his ranks.

Remember, dear bachelors, that a tree with a single branch is not a family tree.

A philosopher looks through an augur-hole and sees more than a bigoted to comprehend.

Folly would do but very little mischief, if, instead of a cap, it wore a hood.

There not to appropriate; a man in a clean shirt has no right to take an old one.

The human spirit is like an eagle—the higher it rises from the earth, the more subtle it becomes.

It is a paradox that she more a fop swells the less he is seen.

Envies then he who wipes away a tear is he who prevents it from starting.

Don't be afraid to use your dancing days; our *feet* days our skating and sliding days.

Don't be afraid to have nothing to live for as it is to have nothing to live on.

Don't be afraid to touch the people to read are doing all they can to extend the influence of those who write.

Love comes a purifying of cups by one sex, and by the other purifying of the lips.

Remember, ladies, that all the females who pass your window are not counted.

Mere word-fights are the most unprofitable kind of wrestling.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A policeman in Jersey City, meeting a couple of suspicious looking persons, questioned them, and requested permission to search them. As each one consented one, when the other ran away, and being pursued by three other policemen, he was also questioned to his assistance, he drew a large carving knife, with which he defended himself for a few moments, and then fled, but a few paces down brought him to terms, when both of the men were arrested, and after much quantity of valuable property found on them was identified by a citizen of Belleville as having been stolen from his store.

A party of amateur hunters, in Wisconsin, recently killed a deer and took her and two cubs, and bring upon the group, they killed the cubs and wounded the doe, which ran off. One of the party pursued her, and after a long chase, in which the doe several times went over the party belonging him of not being able to keep up, he got the doe back on the horse back—which finished her.

Mrs. Bedell has 22 children—a boy across, and a girl five years old—were playing one morning, a short time since, when the kitchen where a tub of hot water, left by their mother was standing, when the girl gave her brother a push into the tub, scalding him so badly that falling over into the water, he was enabled so badly that he died in a few hours.

Two men recently got into a row in Hector street, near the corner of Grand, when the other in the stomach, was being conveyed to the station house, when a friend named Lodge approached the man behind and stabbed him in the back, inflicting a deep and dangerous wound, from which it is feared he will not recover.

Three children, two boys and a girl, named Ferguson, aged respectively three, six and eleven years, were left unattended in a house in Brooklyn, by the absence of a servant girl, when they commenced playing up and down the stairs, unable to answer them.

A dog bit and was bitten by a dog named Sargon. Mem. are long since, but felt no symptoms of hydrophobia as yet. The dog that bit the dog named Sargon was confounded in her, and she died in the most lamentable manner, barking and howling like a dog.

Two youthful burglars were lately caught entering a house in Brooklyn, and taken before a magistrate when they might have found if the officer had not interfered in the matter.

A corps of Portuguese sailors got into a fight in Boston recently, and when the police arrived their knives, they subdued and each other so ferocious that they had to be taken to the station house.

A row occurred at Pike's Peak not long ago, in which several persons were wounded by pistol shots and upon, and a third had his nose slit and one ear bruised.

A recent discovery in this place leaves no room to unquestionably aged tea and twelve years; the date fixed at the year 1800, when it was first brought to this city, when after that the former died upon the spot with a revolver.

The forty masters of the James street fire department, recently bought beneath a large lemon with fair upon him as he was standing on the pier near the slip, and ten cents with a hydrant.

An unknown female recently jumped into the dock at the foot of Beach street, and was rescued by a boy, there for a rope, but she made no effort to reach it, and was drowned.

A man named Mulvey, while attempting to get on board of a vessel at Third avenue car wharf, was in getting, fell below the wheels and lost both his legs and his life.

A little girl, while passing through Chatham street a short time since, was run over and seriously injured by a horse and wagon driver by a reckless driver, who was aroused and locked up for certain driving.

A Prussian, named Rudel, in a fit of insanity, recently hung himself to one of the posts on a pier in the North River.

A short-sighted named Meyers was recently sufficient while crossing a well in Ann street.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—WITH SUCH REMARKS AS THE SUBJECTS BY ANY SUGGESTED.

It is not a mere unmeaning sight to see a poor man, who thinks, acts, and speaks for himself; than to see a rich man who performs all these important functions at the will of another.

Some persons will tell you that they recovered from their sickness although they were given over, when they might with more reason say that they recovered because they were given over.

We have a thousand recipes to live long, for one to live well, and human nature is so perverse which we have to thrown away in this schemes for securing that future we may never reach.

Our meanest blood relations, perhaps, are recognizers, and, although they have not had much with us, and done freely on us during our lives, we are never willing to provide for them in our wills.

Happiness mocks the rich with the empty show of a visit, by stealing to those unnoticed of her equipage, her pomp and her train, but she comes not herself.

As the miners, whether visible or invisible, his power over the tides at the ocean, so the love of the loved one, whether present or absent, controls the tides of the heart.

Many people seem to imagine that God keeps an account-current with them, in which they are to receive credit for every thing they do, and be charged with every thing they leave undone.

Men who live wiser from healthy plain nourishment do, as soldiers occasionally do, from getting of the pleasure of a feast.

Feeble old men, as often as such step they were to be taken, and the more she pressed, the more she clung to the idea.

In life in a manner, the morning shadows seem lake away, while those of evening reach forward to the east, and mingle with the coming darkness.

Don't hesitate to show a hungry that you are kind to him, or you subtract the best part of the food you offer.

Don't be afraid to speak an evil without end, although it is in their power to make also the end of it.

Every unkind remember upon the highway of life, leaves a thorn to hinder us from the straight course.

Every unkind editor is a hard case. Death may no doubt save him down, but not without making a big gap in his ranks.

Remember, dear bachelors, that a tree with a single branch is not a family tree.

A philosopher looks through an augur-hole and sees more than a bigoted to comprehend.

Folly would do but very little mischief, if, instead of a cap, it wore a hood.

There not to appropriate; a man in a clean shirt has no right to take an old one.

The human spirit is like an eagle—the higher it rises from the earth, the more subtle it becomes.

It is a paradox that she more a fop swells the less he is seen.

Envies then he who wipes away a tear is he who prevents it from starting.

Don't be afraid to use your dancing days; our *feet* days our skating and sliding days.

Don't be afraid to have nothing to live for as it is to have nothing to live on.

Don't be afraid to touch the people to read are doing all they can to extend the influence of those who write.

Love comes a purifying of cups by one sex, and by the other purifying of the lips.

Remember, ladies, that all the females who pass your window are not counted.

Mere word-fights are the most unprofitable kind of wrestling.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

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MILITARY HISTORY AND TACTICS.

In the annals of war and military tactics, the earliest accounts are those of Egyptians. From the evidence of ancient hieroglyphics and the relics existing records, we find that Egypt, in the days of her chief hero, Sesostris, had an army of over 600,000 men. They do not appear to have had any cavalry, but to have relied upon infantry and charioteers. At later periods cavalry were introduced. Their armor was shields, breastplates, or coats-of-mail, and helmets. In their attacks they used battering-rams, scaling-ladders, and movable towers. Among their weapons were spears, swords, daggers and bows. The war-chariot held two men, the driver, who had also a shield, and the other to fight. The earliest cavalry used no stirrups or bits. They were generally prevailed in numbers ; but ten thousand were defeated by the Greek auxiliary at Mycenæ, armed with plates.

The first records we possess in regard to military tactics, are those of the Greeks. Among them nearly every man was a soldier, and was taught to use service and acquire skill and hardihood. The celebrated phalanx was of different depths, from eight to twenty-five feet. Their chief object was to keep the phalanx unbroken, and have it act as a unit. The cavalry and light troops were at either wing of the phalanx. Their evolutions do not appear to have been varied, or to have got beyond the parallel front attack. Great stress was laid on the gymnastic training of the soldiers. The best soldier was the best dancer —for he could show himself into the best attitudes suitable to the sound of music. The Spartan phalanx was considered the bravest in receiving attacks. Only a foot and a half existed between the lines, which were eight feet deep. The king and his cortege were in the centre. The lightest honor was to march before the king to battle. The celebrated Epaminondas, with his Thebans at the battle of Leuctra, broke the Spartan phalanx by hurling a column against it. This was Napoleon's great form to break a line by an overwhelming force. The renowned Macedonian phalanx was about eighteen thousand men strong. Its chief and most terrible troops was of oblong shape, and their pikes twenty-four feet long. They wore also helmets and swords. The great length of the pikes enabled those of the ninth line to reach in depth to project over the front rank. The Macedonian phalanx could move or lies only according to the impetus or resistance required. The soldiers stood so close that no room for action. The objection to the phalanx was its immobility on ground not level. It was powerful against the Persians, but was over-matched by the Romans.

These last named troops became conquerors through their superior tactics, aided by the universal bodily discipline to acquire strength and endurance. A defense or weak front soldier was simply impossible. The attention and awakening in gymnastic culture indicates a decline in bodily stamina, and the need of reform. Every Roman who was not of the declined working professional or mercenary class, had to become powerful in order to be a soldier. Their armies tested the strength, professional as they were, at the rate of four miles an hour, and each soldier carrying from sixty to seventy pounds weight. The Romans wore a short sword—the modern broadsword is of the same class, though smaller—and carried a spear six feet long, and a large shield. The head was covered with a brass helmet. The superior quickness of their evolutions enabled them to break the rank of elephants under Pyrrhus and overcome the heavy-armed phalanx. It is remarkable that with the phalanx there was no reserve ; that reverses did not occur. This was not so with the Romans. There were paymasters and commissaries as well as. The Emperor Augustus completed the standing Roman army. He had twenty-five legions ; the legions were composed of 6,100 infantry and 726 cavalry. By degrees arch, battery rose in, and the Romans ceased to be irresistible. Upon the fall of the Roman empire military science decayed. Society was resolved into barons, vassals of princes and princes, with their armed serfs, crude and brutal in warfare. With chivalry came the complete suit of armor, which indicate a very discreet regard for bodily safety on the part of their owners. So pamplied, the knights could securely attack the miserable hinds. The influence of the warriors of the middle age was, that the light, rapid movements were executed by the infantry, and the cumbersome laden cavalry did the heavy work, over after the introduction of gunpowder.

The immense influence of Saracenic literature, arts and arms in the civilization of Europe is egregiously overlooked in the empirical estimate by Christian progress. To the Saracens we owe our knowledge of Greek philosophy and civilization, transplanted from Constantinople. The best colleges in Europe were founded by them for the year 1000. To them Europe is indebted for gunpowder, the secret derived from the Chinese. When this agent was introduced there was much ingenuity displayed in using it for small and great arms. Remarkable as our rifles and cannon are now, we must remember the genius it took to evolve the first radical idea of firearms. The wars of Gustavus Adolphus and Frederick the Great advanced immensely the art of war and the ingenuity of tactics. The wars of the French Revolution and of Napoleon were marked by great rapidity of movement and an utter disregard of human life. When a general is determined to carry a point no matter at what cost to his men, looking to reserves and fresh conscriptions for support, he possesses a great element of success—only the terrible day of reckoning, when a nation shall be drained of its best blood and unable to resist the invader, must come. Such was Napoleon's history before and after the hundred days.

PURE TOBACCO SMOKE.

Somebody has lucrated a method of depriving tobacco smoke of its nicotine. A chemical preparation introduced into the cigar acts on each sechum tube, deserts the alcaloid, and those who smoke cigars before it are made harmless. In the men foolish enough to suppose that any slave of the weed will approve his lucrative, "What do you suck that vile cigar for?" add a thing to your health or life, but seriously, you are the smoker, is the elocutive they contain. The nicotine poison affects his brain and his nervous system, and therefore he makes a guesstoter of himself. It also stimulates his appetite. Then him a keener relish for the fiery fluids with which he washes down the foul residuum of his accious vapor. What he wants is the sensuality of all tobacco, the pleasurable excitement, calmness, madness, paralysis, consumption, imbecility and death. Nicotine is the "dry whiskey" parged of this sorid poison, would be to him as insipid as that for which he pays his wife with he ligits his "full-favored Havana."

The law prohibits suicide, murder, be a failure. Nobody sanctions for any other purpose than to exercise their inventive faculties within the intoxicating element of tobacco projected, therefore, who fear the consequences of the poison will be glad to avail themselves of the means of purchasing an instrument which would destroy the power of the poison. Havana fleshglobs, super-carnivalist with nicotine, will of course endeavor to inhale their favorite poison, and to exhale it from their persons and their cigars, until they themselves shall "dry up" and go as a vapor ; but we cannot young beginners, who, ignorant of the danger, are now being seduced with the flashy alkaloid, not to destroy all their health and vitality, and to condemn themselves into social pests, by persevering in the pernicious practice.

WOMAN-MURDERERS.

Perhaps the most atrocious libel upon the female character ever uttered by man, was perpetrated by an infamous Roman emperor, in memory of decency. That sententious old slanderer, in his gridiron humor, had a soldier tied to the opinion of women in the form of question and answer as follows : "What is more precious than gold?" Lightning. What than lightning? Fame. Better, but still worse. What than fame? Nothing." It is pleasant to know that the author of that infernal calumny came to a fiery end. Being entitled that his life was forfeited to public justice, he committed suicide by falling upon a dirk a pig as he was. His superior estimate of the character of women, however, has survived, with succeeding generations, and Christian philosophers, historians, moralists, novelists and dramatists have not unfrequently, in modern times, added their full measure into the vile scandalous views. Shakspeare rarely lets slip an opportunity to make womanhood synonymous and faithlessness, and yet most of his plays exhibit his conception of the superiority of women's affection in glowing contrast with the opposite imperfections, and selfish love of sex. She is unselfish. Slaughter, however, is her only fatal assertion, this, in the face of every day facts. Who are the murderers of the world ? Who are the wretches hotbreds through poverty, and shame, and in spite of all wrongs, blindnesses, and all the horrors that brutal strength guided by brutal passions can administer the weak and helpless ? Do lunatics ever manifest such attachment to their principal degraded wives? Never! Men —" whilst them down the wind to prey on fortune" —" whilst them down the wind to prey on fortune" —" whilst them down the wind to prey on fortune"

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE YOUNG ATTORNEY'S JUBILATION.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I've got a case!—I've got a case!
No matter for the pain;
I was a sign of better days;
I've got a case at last!

John Doe his bonier Richard Roe
And here's the docket fruit;
Dick's got a pair of dungeon eyes
And I have got a suit!

What though it happens to receive
All pitiloughs have,
I bless the action whose effect
Produces such a cause!

I'll set it forth in legal phrase
How, of the law defiant,
Said John, against the public peace,
Attacked said Dick, my client!

And how said John said Dick did beat
With divers sticks and staves;
And furthermore assault did make
With divers swords and glaves!

Whereby said Dick was damnified,
To wit, by fist and blows,
Inflicted as aforesaid on
His face, and eyes, and nose.

The sum of (make it large enough
To cover all the woes—
With something for the lawyer), well,
The sum of fifty pounds!

Hurrah for law!—I've got a case!
No matter for the pain!
I was a sign of better days;
I've got a case at last!

MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EXCHANGE OF BONDS.

Let us now look after Cain, and see how he succeeded in the important mission which had been entrusted to him. It was nearly an hour past midnight when he got away from Waldvale, and he took the direct road to Newtown. He did not dare to take a horse, for fear the noise might arouse some of the grooms, or be hurried off on foot, moving at first slowly and stealthily, upon quickening his pace to a moderate run. The night was very cold—almost the coldest of the season—but the negro kept himself comfortably warm by his brisk exercise. Within two miles of the village he was stopped by a picket outside, who demanded of him the countersign. But Cain had no countersign to give. He told the sentinel that he wanted to see Roderic Gingelle—that he must see him—that his business was of the utmost importance.

What was the business?

Cain told him that a very dear friend of Roderic Gingelle's was in danger.

It was all very well. The sentinel did not doubt the negro's honesty of purpose; but he could not suffer him to pass. He must wait until the sergeant came with the relief. Poor Cain was very uneasy, but there was no help for it. The soldier ordered him to remain quiet, at the same time informing him that all should be well when the relief came.

And when would the relief come?

It would be nearly two hours. The sergeant would not be along until half-past twelve!

Again Cain begged and expostulated; but to no purpose. These were critical times, and the orders of the guard were positive, and without qualification.

"If you were General George Washington himself," said the sentry, very emphatically, "you couldn't pass here like night without the countersign."

This served to clinch the argument, and Cain subsided into a state of external quiet; but at heart he was not so easy. What Maggie had proposed to him that he should come upon the mission he had felt some fear; but never that he had entered upon the work, his whole soul was enlisted, and his only idea was of saving the unfortunate maiden who had trusted so much in his hands.

However, the minutes slipped away into hours, and finally the sergeant came with the relief. That officer heard the negro's story, and took him along to the little out-where the outgoing and in-coming guards were wont to meet, and in command was found. Here Cain told his story over again, and after some deliberation the lieutenant called his corporal, and directed him to conduct the negro to the main guard-house. It was a tedious course for poor Cain; but he began to see that there was system and regularity about it, and he tried to make the best of it. When he arrived at the quarters of the main guard he found himself in the village, and also found that it was all o'clock in the morning. Here he told his story to some purposes, for the officer in command not only took him where Maggie had Captain Gingelle, but also gave him a pass which would serve him anywhere within the village.

It was to the house of the blacksmith that Cain was directed, and when he reached it, he found that Roderic had gone away about half an hour before, probably to the quarters of the commander-in-chief. Mrs. Burns, who was up, and in the kitchen, heard Cain's voice, and came to see him; and when she had heard the story of her daughter's situation she was fairly beside herself with grief and fear. She knew the character of Louis Griswold, and she had every reason to apprehend the worst fate for Maggie. But Moses Allen begged her to be composed.

"I will go with Cain," he said, "and find Roderic; and as soon as he learns of Maggie's situation he will hasten at once to her relief."

The widow was far from being comforted though she would not detain the smith with her complaints, but rather urged him to leave her to herself, and make all possible haste after Roderic.

It was fairly day when Moses Allen and Cain reached the quarters of the commander-in-chief, but they were only there to learn that Capt. Gingelle was with General Mercer; so away they went in the latter direction. And again disappointment awaited them. Mercer and Gingelle had both gone up to McCloskey's Ferry.

At nine o'clock, after numerous trials and troubles, Roderic was found, just returned to Washington's quarters, where he was being held a council of war. When Cain delivered his errand, our hero was for the moment overcome by almost powerless by the shock; but he quickly regained control of his senses, and questioned the messenger upon all essential points; and when he had gained all the information that he had to communicate he hastened away to find General Mercer.

"My dear General, I must be off, with a dozen men, to Waldvale. Get me an order as quickly as possible."

"But, Gingelle—this cannot be. You know the commander of Washington. You and I are both to remain here."

"In Heaven's name, sir, do not deny me now!" cried the youth, impetuously. "The value to me of a thousand lives are at stake. It is now only a little past nine o'clock. Give me the order, and I will be back here within an hour after noon."

Mercer shook his head.

"It must not be, Captain. The fate of our nation hangs upon the issues of this day! As we are prompt and true to-day, so shall be the result to our cause. Do not ask me."

"But, my good sir—will you not speak with the Commander-in-chief?"

"It would be useless, Captain. I know him too well. His heart is as kind as human heart can be; but in the line of duty he is stern and inflexible. His plans are all formed, and he will not swerve from them. Every pass is cut off, and every man and officer is stationed."

"I must go!" cried the excited Roderic wringing his hands. "Sir, whom I love best on earth is in the toils of the destroyer; and it may be that the mother who bore me is her companion in danger!"

"Your mother!" said the General.

"Aye—my mother. It is a strange story, and I cannot stop now to explain; but, as I live, I do believe that my mother is in imminent danger. Her companion and protector has been carried off across the river, and she is left to the mercy of a man who, I fear, seeks her destruction. Louis Griswold will murder—he may have returned ere this—and then both my mother and my sweet love are doomed! O, in Heaven's name, grant me my prayer!"

The general walked uncomfortably to and fro for several minutes. He sympathized with the youth most deeply, and was inclined to do all he could for him. Finally he stopped and laid his hand upon Roderic's shoulder. There was a light upon his generous countenance, as though some sudden thought had inspired him.

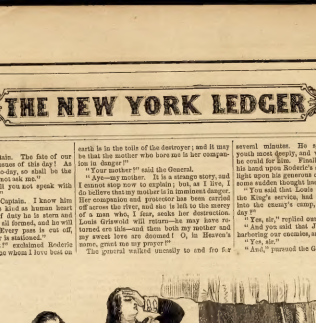
"You said that Louis Griswold, an officer in the King's service, had taken a prisoner over into the enemy's camp, and would return to-day?"

"Yes, sir," replied our hero.

"And you said that John Gingelle was still harboring our enemies and plotting against us?"

"Yes, sir."

"And," pursued the General, "it may be that



MOTHER AND SON.

this same Captain Gingelle has information of our plans, and, if left to himself, may communicate with the Hessian commander?"

"He certainly has every opportunity," replied Roderic, who began to see the General's drift.

Mercer took one more turn across the room, and then he said—

"Captain Gingelle, I am going to entrust you with a mission which I might give to no other man. I take a great responsibility, but I trust you will come out well. You can understand me as you please; but orders are only to understood in the order as I now give it to you. Captain Gingelle and Lieutenant Louis John Gingelle and Louis Griswold are possessed of information concerning my plans, and I know them to be in open enemies and dangerous men. I must have them secured. You will take twelve men, and make all possible haste in the execution of this order. Can you go back by one o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then hasten, and let me have your report as soon as may be."

General Mercer turned to his table and wrote a hurried order, and when Roderic had received the same he stepped to the door, but instead of going by from the place, and in less than half an hour he was on the road, with a dozen of his best men all mounted upon fleet horses.

"Up, up and away!" he cried, as his brave men gained the road. "Every minute is now as precious as a human life. We cannot halt to lose one of them!"

Away over the frozen road they sped, the horses dashing on at the top of their speed, and in just half an hour from the time of starting they entered the court of Waldvale. At the brave sentry who here made his way, and was just in season to see that Cain and Louis Griswold make their appearance in the parsonage. He saw them enter the house, and in almost before the host and his companion could comprehend what was happening, they were taken prisoners.

Hark! What sound is that?

Hist! Two stout villains bearing Maggie Burns through the hall, and out into the court. Roderic Gingelle and Walter Stock leaped through the porch, and in a minute the two villains were overthrown upon the floor, while our hero quickly cast off the bonds from the maiden's arms, and then drew her to his bosom.

Maggie was not hurt. She was safe and well! O, blessed assurance!

A few moments of sweet communion, and then Roderic turned to where his bose uncle stood.

"John Gingelle," he said, with as much composure as he could command, "you are my uncle. And you, too, vile beast!" he added to Griswold.

John Gingelle swore, with an oath, that he would not be a prisoner; but he turned to his brave young patriot to take him from his house.

"You need not dare me," was Roderic's reply. "I have my orders from high authority, and you, my uncle, are a prisoner, sir, and it will be well if you conduct yourself with proper decorum and dignity."

The baronet belched forth a torrent of abuse upon his nephew, declaring that he should get no profitable answer, he concluded to say no more to him. He consulted with Maggie, but both the prisoners out of doors, and keep them safely. After this he returned to the hall, and there found the two villains who had been left there taken care of, he turned his attention to the last matter upon which so deeply interested him. He must find Hecabe, and secure her from the fury. He consulted with Maggie, but she knew only what Cain had told her.

"Then we must find her," he said. "I know the house as well as my uncle does, and I can easily search its secrets. Come—we will both go."

Maggie went with him, and ere long they came to a door that was locked. It was in an upper story, and our hero felt sure that the person he sought was in the room beyond. He first thought, upon finding that the key was not in the lock, was that his uncle had it in his own possession, so down he hastened, and ordered Black to search the baronet, and take from him any keys that he might have about him. Of course the host objected to this proceeding, but Walter Stock was not the man to stand upon ceremony in executing the orders of his superior, and he had the baronet's pockets turned out very quickly. The key was found, and carried to Roderic, who returned with it to the upper chamber. He found the door fast, and carefully pushing back the door, the youth and maiden entered. Hecabe was upon the bed, her clothes torn and soiled, her hair floating wildly over her face, and her limbs drawn up as though she had been in great pain. Her breathing was forced and unnatural, and the poorest state seeming to be rather the result of exhaustion than of sleep. Our hero knew her at once, as she might have fallen in a fit.

"O, poor lady!" cried Roderic, "I know not what to do. I dare not disturb her now, and I dare not wait to see her revive. I must return immediately. I think my uncle meant that she should die here. I think so myself!"

Maggie reflected awhile, and then drew her lover away from the room—drew him out into the passage—and where she stopped, and took his hands within her own.

"Roderic," she said, gazing up with a fond, affectionate, beseeching look, "you must be governed now by me. I know how impossible is the necessity of your immediate return, and I know how much more must be your solicitude in behalf of poor Hecabe."

"No, no, Maggie—you do not know that."

"Yes, I do, Roderic. I have learnt enough to know how she can most feel for her, as one has own mother—"

"Maggie, who told you this?"

"I know it all, dear Roderic. You must not speak to her now of him."

Away over the frozen road they sped, the horses dashing on at the top of their speed, and in just half an hour from the time of starting they entered the court of Waldvale. At the brave sentry who here made his way, and was just in season to see that Cain and Louis Griswold make their appearance in the parsonage. He saw them enter the house, and in almost before the host and his companion could comprehend what was happening, they were taken prisoners.

Hark! What sound is that?

Hist! Two stout villains bearing Maggie Burns through the hall, and out into the court. Roderic Gingelle and Walter Stock leaped through the porch, and in a minute the two villains were overthrown upon the floor, while our hero quickly cast off the bonds from the maiden's arms, and then drew her to his bosom.

Maggie was not hurt. She was safe and well! O, blessed assurance!

A few moments of sweet communion, and then Roderic turned to where his bose uncle stood.

"John Gingelle," he said, with as much composure as he could command, "you are my uncle. And you, too, vile beast!" he added to Griswold.

John Gingelle swore, with an oath, that he would not be a prisoner; but he turned to the brave young patriot to take him from his house.

"You need not dare me," was Roderic's reply. "I have my orders from high authority, and you, my uncle, are a prisoner, sir, and it will be well if you conduct yourself with proper decorum and dignity."

The baronet belched forth a torrent of abuse upon his nephew, declaring that he should get no profitable answer, he concluded to say no more to him. He consulted with Maggie, but both the prisoners out of doors, and keep them safely. After this he returned to the hall, and there found the two villains who had been left there taken care of, he turned his attention to the last matter upon which so deeply interested him. He must find Hecabe, and secure her from the fury. He consulted with Maggie, but she knew only what Cain had told her.

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As soon as our hero had seen his prisoners secured, and made sure that they could not escape, he went to the smith's house to give his errand there. Mrs. Burns was glad enough at the prospect of going to join her daughter, while Cain was overjoyed at the thought of serving sweet Miss Maggie. Moses Allen said he would see them safely on, and then return to Liberty to get and report himself to General Mercer, which he did at once.

"On the whole," said the General, after he had heard the report, "I am glad I was put off for I think the capturing of these men was most desirable. And now, my dear Gingelle, make haste with your dinner, and then be ready for work; for, before the morning of another day is made sure be lost or won?"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PASSAGE OF THE DELAWARE!—DEFEAT! CAPTURE! FLIGHT! A battle must be lost or won. The Patriot Heart must now beat high, and the Patriot Arm must be made strong. Upon the hazard of a single cast hangs the fate of American Liberty; and as the morrow's sun shall reveal the plot, so shall the fate be for the nation!

Washington and his army were held in utter contempt by the British generals, and the Hessian officers over the Patriot ranks as the bandman waits to gather the ripening grain. The army of the royal forces was posted, holding all the important towns, and Washington, with his ragged forces, threw back to the Delaware, and thence down to Bordentown, encamped a state of British commanders while further back, in other towns, able officers commanded the Hessian troops. Washington's army he had seen everything safe, and only waited for the great river to freeze over, and, passing to New York to recreate awhile, and make preparations for his return to Europe in the spring, while he meant to slip down into Jersey again; and then, with reinforcements, march on and take the Federal capital; bang up the Patriot leaders by the necks, deliver the colonies over to the agent of his king; and then go home and sit quietly down to his glass and pipe. Such was the Federal capital; and when it should be carried out the rebellion would be completely crushed, and would be carried out the British leaders had no doubt. King George and his Parliament had no doubt whatever that the whole question was about the same as settled. How few considered it so; and Cornwallis considered it so; and Burgoyne, coming down from Canada, considered it so. Howe and the Tories throughout the length and breadth of the land, felt sure that they would soon be safe in their trenchery; while the Patriots, enshrouded awhile by a remembrance of right, were yet blind that the day of their hope was drawing to its close.

But there was one who did not despair; and that was the one upon whose single head rested souls. Thank God! Washington, on this Christmas Day of 1776, stood heavily-up, and in his companions take courage.

"Now, or never," he cried, as he grasped Greene's hand, "must the blow be struck. The British Lion thinks to leap from his lair at last time, and devour us as we sleep in the field; but he does not know us. He does not know the spirit and the quality of the people which inspires the Patriot Heart. We'll bend him in his den—we'll bend him in his lair!"

Across the river, at Trenton, was encamped an army of some two thousand men. There were fifteen hundred Hessians, under Col. Rahl and a troop of British light horse. Then Count Donop, Bordentown, and the latter place being occupied by Col. Donop, with a force of full two thousand men. There were the forces that were to watch the river, and lead the way to Philadelphia when the opportunity presented itself. And these same forces Washington was determined to rout, and here he planned the most important point, and here he planned to make the capture. Against the other posts he sent detachments of the Pennsylvania militia, under Generals Cadwalader and Ewing. As the forces of the British Colonel Donop, at Bordentown, was fully equal to numbers to the whole force which Washington was to lead in person, it became necessary that that individual should be got out of the way for awhile; so General Putnam, acting in Philadelphia, but knowing of Washington's plan, sent Col. Griffin, with a body of four hundred and fifty militia to attend Donop from his post. Griffin was not to fight, but only to draw the enemy away; and this was done most effectually. When he had attracted the attention of the British, he retreated down the river, and Donop was now under orders to be ready at any moment to support Col. Rahl, followed him with his whole force so far that he was two days in returning to his post.

Washington had selected the evening of Christmas as the time for carrying out his expedition, because, knowing the Teutonic proclivities of the Hessians, he supposed they would celebrate the night with carousal; and in this he was not mistaken. As soon as the day was gone, and the shadows had fallen, the commander-in-chief paraded his forces at McConkey's Ferry, and made preparations for crossing the river, hoping that he should be able to muster upon the other side by midnight; but there were other enemies to meet and overcome as the British could be reached. The day, as we have before said, had been exceedingly cold and disagreeable, and the darkly rolling river was literally choked with floating ice. In addition to this ally filled with floating ice. In addition to this a storm of sleet and snow set in; and by many of the American officers it was supposed that the passage would be impossible.

"We have but frail boats and batteaux," they cried; "and in this dark, inexperienced night, with the storm and the driving ice, we shall be hurled to sure destruction."

"The Hessians are upon the opposite shore," replied Washington, firmly, and somewhat peremptorily. "If we find them, we must find them before the light of another day. If we do not, they will find us. There is a Power above the night, and above the storm, and, stayed in the Night, we must not fear."

All were ready to obey; and yet the task before them was a dubious one. The first boat put off just as it was dark, the sleet continuing. It even then almost impossible to see across the stream. In this first boat was Col. Glover, who piloted the way with his regiment of Marblehead fishermen. There were men whose lives had been spent upon the water, and who were accustomed to battle with the elements; and yet they made this attempt with the utmost difficulty; and afterward some of these old stagers confessed that before, and since, storm and tempest and wreck, had they experienced more fear than upon that memorable and unprecedented night, when the ice came crashing upon them, threatening every moment to crush them to swift destruction. Washington followed with the second boat, and Greene accompanied him in his boat, and giving his orders as promptly and effectually though he had been leading his host over the solid ground. His voice sounded clear and distinct above the roar of the elements, and the hearts of the stout boatmen took new impulse from the sound. Every nerve was strained to the utmost.

Washington reached the eastern shore before midnight; but there was much yet to be done. The artillery must come, and it was very slowly. Hour after hour were slipping away—midnight was past—one o'clock was approaching—and the artillery upon the river, battling with the storm and the drifting ice, could not yet be heard from. Hour after hour! Two thousand men—in cold was anxious and fearful; but his anxiety was not for himself. It was for the voice of his brave Knox, to whom had been entrusted the artillery department, and whose voice he heard that voice, rising above the roar of the elements, cheering and encouraging the struggling boatmen; and he hoped that all would yet be well.

At length the little army had all crossed, and in the course of four o'clock were fully marshaled, and ready to march. They were formed into two columns, the first, under Greene, taking the upper, or Pennington, road; while the other, led by Sullivan, was to march by the river along the river. It was nine miles to Trenton, and the former was to be the first to attack and prompt one. It was too late now to think of such a surprise as had been contemplated, for it would be daylight ere the enemy's outposts could be reached. But there was no help for such things in warfare, and the march was commenced. If the driving storm had let the Hessian outposts, and Patriot soldiers very uncomfortable, and of rendering their guns and ammunition entirely useless for another effect which was not so bad: it formed a fit, unlooked-for cover for them during the lumbering artillery, so that the enemy's pickets were fairly stumbled upon before discovered. The out-guard was quickly driven in, the sentinels being so taken by surprise that the fifers of the Hessian drums in the town were heard beating to arms.

Sullivan had arrived at the west end of the town just as the attack was made upon the eastern side, and both pushed boldly in upon the main body of the enemy. The Hessians had formed their quarters in as good order as could have been expected, and were ready to go from the west; and, thinking themselves overwhelmingly, they moved hither and thither in confusion, and without a head of battle. Col. Rahl was in the saddle as quickly as he could be, and with the loudest of his regiments, and with his ready bravery he looked for victory; but the panic was upon his troops in a sort of orderly defence. But the hours of this fatal battle of Trenton and Christmas continued. A bullet from a Patriot musket struck him from his saddle, and he fell dead. His fall from his leader was lost, their resistance was of small duration. Those who could not escape threw down their arms, and the American officers distinguished themselves by going in and securing their prisoners. Upon much standing of blood, and the wounded and dying lay thick. Of 1 yet of it was a victory most complete. Nearly one thousand men were killed in the battle, and two had frozen to death on the road, while nearly one thousand more, with all officers, and some five-and-twenty privates killed; and twenty-three commissioned officers, and about one hundred non-commissioned officers and privates were taken prisoners, and several stands of colors captured.

General Mercer, together with Sterling, Greene and Stevens, had remained near the person of and Stevens, had remained near the person of Washington during the most of the morning; and when the latter saw that the victory was most conspicuous among those who had been most active in the conflict, Mercer was Roderic Gingelle. Twice had he beat back a hope force of the enemy who were trying to open a battery upon the Americans; and once he had, alone and unaided, marked upon the foe, and captured a Hessian officer who was in the act of mustering a guard. It was near noon when Mercer beckoned Roderic to his side, and asked him where his men were.

"Within call, sir, and ready for anything," was our hero's reply.

"Then," said this general, pointing to a large house, upon the eastern of the village, "you will take them with you, and pay that dwelling

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d visit. I think there are a number of Hessians concealed there, and then may be an officer with them. We want them."

"As nearly as possible the young captain called his company, and proceeded to the house which had been pointed out. It was back from the road, and surrounded by a well arranged garden. As the American approached up the avenue leading to the front door, a musket was fired from an upper window, but without injuring any one. Gheiggie gave the order for his men to surround the house; and then he called out for those within to surrender.

"If your door is not thrown open in just two minutes," he said, "and your word of surrender given, the house shall be burned down about your ears, and every soul of you put to death."

In less than half the time specified the door was opened, and Roderic entered the building, followed by some two-thirds of his men, the rest remaining without to cut off escape by the rear windows. One Hessian lieutenant and fifteen privates were found in the lower hall, who surrendered at once. In the cellar were found a sergeant and two more privates; a score of the chambers two corporals and a drummer. After these had been secured, Sergeant Adam came and informed his captain that in a far corner of the cellar was an apartment which was locked up, and the door of which was too stout to be forced by any ordinary means.

The owner of this house was a men named Clark—a dealer in stock and cattle, whose proclivities were decidedly Tory. He was not already a prisoner, for it was strongly suspected that he was the one who had been the means of Indian party as they were coming up the avenue. All his out-door domestics were in the vault in the cellar.

"There's nothing in that vault," said Clark.

"Never mind that. I want the key."

"I don't know where the key is, sir. I doubt if the place has been opened these ten years. It is a dark, damp hole, and we don't use it."

"Then," returned Roderic, "we'll let some light and air in."

"You'll have to get in the best way you can," said the host, doggedly.

"Very well," replied the Patriot captain. "We'll break the door down, and get in, sir: If we find anything of consequence there, you shall suffer for it—you and the other owners of a traitor!"

This seemed to startle the man a little, for he very soon called Gheiggie back, and said to him:

"I don't know what you may find there, sir. For a week my house has not been mine. The royal troops have used it as they wished. They may have concealed something in the vault—probably very large, but I have had nothing to do with it."

"Then give me the key, and all may yet be well with you."

There used to be two keys to that place, sir, Portwin I am, and one of them—"

So Roderic took the best sheng, and pretty soon the key was found. They went down into the cellar, and unlocked the door of the vault. It was very dark, damp, and foul; and at the rear here thought there had been nothing gained by the operation.

But—look!

Surely that was the groan of a human being. Walter Black went into the place, and soon returned bearing a human form in his strong arms. To the light of a window the body was borne; and an exclamation of horror burst from Roderic's lips.

It was poor old Seipio, weak and gasping!

"He is not dead," said Walter Black. "His heart still beats, and his bosom is warm."

They bore the negro up to a room where a fire was burning, and ere long he was able to talk. A chair already served as a resting place, so as he began to overcome the stupor his energies gradually returned to him. And then, in the presence of Roderic Gheiggie, and the assurances that he was once more in the hands of friends, he had much to do with his revival. As soon as he could overcome understandingly, he told how he host was presented to him, and he was asked if that man had anything to do with locking him up.

But Seipio could not tell. He had been brought to the house during the night, so he somewhat told, and awakened by the fact that he had taken no notice of those whom he met with. Indeed, Louis Griswold had brought him over the river, and delivered him up to some soldiers just out of the village; and they had brought him hither. That was all he could recall.

When Seipio had told all this, he was very anxious to know how it was that Roderic and he had chanced to tell how John Gheiggie had taken them from the cell, when Roderic stopped him.

"I know all that, good Seipio. I was at Waldvale yesterday, when I learnt the whole story. John Gheiggie and Louis Griswold are prisoners, at Newtown; and Maggie Burns is with them. Maggie, and two women whom Cuno are there; and they will do all for the poor woman that can be done."

This intelligence gave Seipio another impulse of strength; and ere long he declared that he was able to accompany his friends. So Roderic mustered all his followers, seventy-three in number, and started back into the town which he had deserted. Here, and when he had made his report, he was very grateful for his gallant conduct.

"If there are any more houses to be searched, give on the word, sir."

"No, no, Gheiggie: I think we have them all. Such of the enemy as we have not captured are for the present beyond our reach. We have taken six brass field-pieces, and over a thousand stands of arms, besides many other warlike articles of the British munitions. The work is well done, and you shall see a report for the orders of the commander-in-chief."

"That be it," said Roderic, as he had given a brief account of who and what Seipio was, and how he had been found, "I should like to look with me, as I am very anxious concerning his welfare."

"It shall be as you wish, Captain."

CHAPTER XVII.

PRINCETON!

Trenton was now in Washington's possession, but he did not think it prudent to remain there. Fleshed with victory, and with the spirits of his officers were strongly tempted to push on in pursuit of the enemy; but the commander-in-chief was not prepared for such a movement. A force, equal to a hundred to one, was not only away a few miles to the south, under Donop; while to the north were other strong detachments. His troops, moreover, were worn and exhausted by the fatigues of the past four-and-twenty hours, besides having gone a thousand movements to prevent. Under these circumstances he deemed it best to fall back into Pennsylvania, and there gather new strength for new conflicts; so he set his encampments on the Delaware; and before midnight on the day of the battle, the American army took safe to the Pennsylvania coast, with the prisoners and the captured artillery.

Roderic Gheiggie, as soon as he could get leave, repaired to the house of Moses Allen with Seipio. He found the honest smith at home, and his first inquiry was concerning affairs at Waldvale.

"I came from there last night," replied Allen, "and left them safe. Mrs. Burns and Cuno are there."

"But how is it with Hezuba?"

The smith should his head.

"She is very low," he said. "I fear she cannot live long!"

Seipio, who declared that he felt as strong as ever, was eager to hurry away to Waldvale; but Roderic interrupted him:

"Wait a few hours, good Seipio, and I will go with you. I have some matters to settle. You may remain here and rest until I return."

At noon our hero was in Mercer, and asked for a short leave of absence. The general shook his head dismissingly.

"I cannot grant it," he said. "It is impossible."

"But," urged Roderic, with the deepest feeling, "I must go to Waldvale. You do not know how much I have at stake. I will return this evening."

"Captain Gheiggie, I would grant your request if I could, but it cannot be done. Mo mention of reasons, sir, and our orders are very strict."

"But, sir,—I shall not be wanted this afternoon. In nursey's name, let me go!"

"Captain Gheiggie, you leave of absence beyond our lines," was the firm reply. "My orders are, sir, that you keep yourself here at once and this evening."

"And shall thus—"

"You had better ask me no more questions, Captain. If you have been practically at nine o'clock, I shall be satisfied. You may go to your quarters."

Roderic left the room.

"Then you may need the countersign for the night. It is *Princeton!*—There—now go. Rest yourself as you please, and be ready at nine."

Roderic could not misunderstand this. It was certainly an intimation that he might go where he pleased, and he left the room at once.

At six o'clock, he so constructed it, and descended to the quarters of Seipio and Moses Allen's, and having eaten dinner, he prepared to set out on his journey. Seipio was on the road. The picked guard were in their saddles awaiting but a little word of half an hour he was at Waldvale. He met Maggie in the hall, and received a cry of joy when she saw him safe and sound.

"Oh, sir," she said, extending her hands to his, "it has been a glorious victory."

"And how goes it about the sees, sweet Maggie?"

"You," she replied, "have been absent but this morning, on his way to the upper ferry, and he will ask all. Ayo, Roderic, you have conditioned your mame, too. O, how proud and happy I am to know that you are safe, and that you have done deeds.—What! nosey!—is this Seipio?! She had not seen the old man in the dusk of the mount.

"Ay," said our hero, as the faithful servant approached, "this is Seipio; and one of the most valuable results of his capture is the fact that I have been able to rescue him. And now, Maggie, I must ask concerning Hezuba. How is her, how?"

"She is very low," returned Maggie, sadly. "When she sleeps she seems full of slumbering and rest; but when she is awake she only moans by turns. I have left her in my mother's charge now, and Cuno is with her. We will go up if you wish."

Roderic was in one of the largest and most comfortable chambers, and there he found that her companions entered they found the poor woman just waking from a short sleeping. She had changed sadly! Her cheeks had fallen in; her lips were disfigured with blisters; and her eyes burned with a fearful flame; and her hair had been cut away. She knew Roderic at once. She saw Seipio first, and she knew him.

"Brest God, dear Theodore!" she exclaimed, cried, "I've come back to ye! Ye know me, don't ye, dear?"

"Chrcos—my Chreon! O, how I have waited for thee! Where is thy host? Where is Cæsar, Cæsar, for I must cross the dark river to-night?"

"Hezuba, dear," said Roderic, as he saw that he approached the bed. The maniac gazed a moments upon him, and then clasped her hands upon her bosom.

"Ah, dear Theodore, is a tone of deepest anguish, "then deceived me! I thought I saw the glance of my lover. Then art some fiend enchantress, and I dare not trust it. Where is my Cæsar? I will not gaze upon thy fair face. It is too near like my lover's. Where is my host? and I dare not trust it. Where is my Cæsar? Where is my Cæsar? Where is my host? We must over the Styx to-night! Come, come—my Maggie shore is dark, and I am very cold!"

She pressed her thin hands upon her brow—her body swayed to and fro—and in a moment more came a sound from her lips that was not its last room. It was the grating of the maniac's mirth, and the fearful heard it she took Her face by the arm, and drew him away.

"Come, sir, whispered, "let us go out. She will look kindly upon no one again but me. Her mother has left her. He knows her, and can care for her better than any one else."

The youth had no desire to remain and see the maniac again, and he went out with Maggie to help her; so he followed the maiden from the room.

"Still I not see her again?" he cried, when they had reached the hall.

"Not to-day," replied Maggie. "She would not know you, and your presence might only aggravate her madness."

"Then I shall never see her again, Maggie; for I know not how long I must be absent. In a few days, at the farthest, we shall cross the Delaware again, and our campaign may be a long one."

Maggie Burns read her lover's thoughts, down to the very depths of his soul, and she took both his hands, and gazing up into his face, said:

"Dear Roderic, not for worlds would I have you neglect your duty to your country; and that you may carry your country with you in the patriotic work, I give you the assurance that all shall be done for our suffering mother that can be done. I can equal to the task; and I will not fail. If I die, and you never see me again, you will find that there has been no neglect. If she is your mother, Roderic, she is mine, too; so you will know that she is not forsaken, but that she has a child with her to care for her in love and tenderness. And so, if you have money thoughts, put them from you; for while you are doing your duty on the battle-field, Maggie Burns will be doing her duty at Waldvale."

The youth caught Maggie to his bosom, and having held her there a moment in his ardent embrace, he imprinted a kiss upon her fair brow, and then said, while the generous tears started from his eyes,—

"Noble, blessed Maggie, I cannot tell you how I thank you for this. I will go and I will do my duty; and when I think of Waldvale, I will cherish the assurance that my sweet love is reigning there in all the power of kind and affectionate devotion. So, if I can find a friend, I shall be happier for it.—I shall have more heart."

Then Roderic was in that holy communion which springs from purest love; and his heroic nature was like the brave. The war was near its close, and he wished to be within his duty.

"I know not when I shall see you again," he said, as he stood in the room with Maggie by the hand. "We shall cross over into New Jersey very soon, and when we come here, we shall have work enough to do. But, come what may, we will hold each other in our love, and in our prayers."

He thought of the dangers of the battle-field, and he knew that many thousands of lives no might never meet Maggie again on earth. And he knew that Maggie was thinking the same dark channel. But they gave no utterance to there words. What they said was in the language of words. What they said was of hope and promise; and when they parted, it was with animated smiles and blessings.

Before night Roderic was with Moses Allen, where he ate his supper; and precisely at the hour he reported himself to General Mercer.

"I hope your rest has done you good, Captain Gheiggie," said Mercer.

"It has, sir," replied Roderic. "It has done me much good. And now I will be ready for the next heart and strength, and I am now ready for the service."

"Very well. You shall have your orders re-

"And with this our hero retired.

It may be safely said that the affair at Trenton was the turning point of the Revolution—the brightest spot in the whole military history of the of the Patriot cause. The struggle Washington had been having with the Tories, and the Hessians across the royal way, which could be removed from Pennsylvania, and the fear that the people the Tories had grown bold and arrogant, while the Whigs were disheartened by the same dark cloud, now a new sentiment was awakened, and a new spirit was aroused among the Whigs, whose hearts were alarmed, and the train-hearted Whigs took courage. The British troops in New Jersey were to be content with of no mean sort; and the presence of the Hessians was not wanted, and the humiliating militia gave new allegiance to the cause of their country. Cornwallis, who was in command at Trenton. When Cornwallis, with his heavy body of well-disciplined and battle-tried troops down upon the American host, Washington ordered his men to the crossing of night, drove back his attacking battalions in confusion, and then marched a strong circle of strategy by which, while Cornwallis expected to find the Americans snugly reposing by their burning camp-fires, they were marching around his rear, the Patriot commander-in-chief made the night hideous with the roar of cannon, and destroyed three regiments of British infantry, besides several hundred prisoners.

PRINCETON! Another brilliant gem in the crown of Washington's fame. Another day of victory supreme force, was onthrough and outgeneraled by the Patriot leader. The British lassitude, and with dire threatening of death pursuing them, they fled precipitately from the field. The offspring of Heaven's own spirit-fire! Princeton! Another victory! Princeton was fol lowed by other movements equally important. Princeton! Another victory! Princeton was fol lowed by other movements equally important. Princeton! Another victory! Princeton was fol lowed by other movements equally important.

THE MUSICAL BOX

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Louder and sweeter still,
When on some lawny lea reclined,
I'm ravished full with
The larger cadence of music wind.

II.

A grandeur not its own
Swells on the listener's enamored ear;
Imperfect be heart's tone
That seems the voice of some superior sphere.

III.

So, Milton, mighty bard,
Leaned on the giant organ's side,
Fresh breathed, and blew
His Maker's pomp and Poesy's regal pride.

IV.

Nor this they may claim,
The might has been upon the blow,
And evidently her finger
Rifts with the rushing of those golden cues.

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

The baker had already given his evidence in the most effective style, and Dora with the "trooning" point of view, which made itself quite evident to its audience, by which he was already tolerably well known in one way or another, and by whom he was not, perhaps, regarded with any too friendly eye, as more than one malevolent impertinence testified.

"Poor little beggar! he might have left her off."

"A cripple like as that!"

"And took in it's a first Jailbrice."

"Greedy old wretch!"

"Hard! Hillah!" and so forth.

It was remarkable that not one appeared to entertain any doubts as to the truth of the accusation made against the child, whose scared and tearful countenance and trembling voice appeared to be all accredited to the fact of her being now in the toils herself.

"She ain't half up to it," muttered one little personage with his own eyes, and knowing oblique vision.

"Seems to send such a one," growled a voice equally harsh and diseased, though it was a woman's. Here comes the mother; then she'll face it out."

"Face her mother!"

There was a considerable commotion when Molly and her nasty hair were seen, and the taunting was at first regarded as a complete attack of policy, nothing else or more likely to sway among those who felt that, on a like emergency, they could hardly have come up to such an effective demonstration. But the mother asserted herself too strongly, and became hardly more agreeable to the baker than the eyes of the dismantled witnesses of the mother's agency; and as they closed around her, and heard her incoherent lamentations and heart-breaking entreaties, a feeling of sentiment play soon took possession of the butter-dishlike part of the rabble, mingled in the main part with a sensation of contempt for the weakness that could "make a row about a bit of a job as that. After all, it couldn't be above a month or so, with the Reformatory at the end, and, as like as not, let her off altogether with a caution, 'alike' as you may say a cripple."

"If, but Jaffrey says it do look black; it's a out-and-out cuffer, tell ye business, and there's a gang as low been done a deal ringing the changes about that way lately."

"Sleeve in the court !"

The child was speaking; her trembling tones failed to make themselves heard, though the police court was reduced to an unusual state of quiet, with the exception of such shuffling of feet and swinging of doors as are inevitable.

The magistrate directed that the little girl should be raised in the dock, where which her little head was barely visible, but the policeman who stood by her lifted her upon her knee, leaning against his particular breast, and at the same time with one hand removing the child's bonnet, and smoothing back the disordered tresses, so that the pale, innocent little face was distinctly seen. Accustomed as the police court gentleman was to see all sorts of occurrences brought him, and many painful ones, through the evidences of their guilt, he could not help being struck by the wistful, earnest gaze of the childish little face that seemed of itself to utter an appeal against the position to which by her parents, and the good magistrate uncommonly well knowing to desire to the explanation which would not yet preferred of his will to wrong, he did become possessed of the half-drawn the hand beyond her little trembling.

This was simple enough in itself, yet, to those acute ears which listened, it might be considered a rather statement of a truthful child, or the well-concocted tale of a practised deceiver, leaning upon infancy and apparent innocence. They were more accustomed to deal with the latter possibility, and it can scarcely be set down to the blame of even so great a man as the magistrate hardly adopt the worst aspect of human dispositions.

The bafferown had been given her—so the child's story went—by an old gentleman who came to see her mother one evening, to ask her for the ring; yes, it was mother's property, but a gentleman took it away though—mother gave it to him, but she cried afterwards; she said it was his ring. No, he did not give mother any money, he put that in his pocket; he lived in Mostor Street, I think, and said it was to be saved to buy her shoes, but that morning there was no other money in the house, and mother had not to ill. Here the poor child's lips trembled, and she gave a sob, but she did not cry; she was too frightened for that, and it was as well; the magistrate was bestowed by the continued dropping of water in that box. There had no inclination to make a prejudice, yes, well, yes.

His went as to say that she had permitted on her mother to let her take the bafferown and get some bread for their breakfast, though not till her mother had endeavored to make her get to go, but had failed in the attempt, through weariness.

Then came the question: since the mother had been so severe in her punishment of the stone, why had she gone to make purchase at a shop some half-mile away from where she lived, instead of getting what she wanted in the first street, as she might have done?

The answer was one that to have misinterpreted, must have needed a harder heart than those of the Clerkenwell police-court.

She knew, she said, that her mother liked a particular sort of little loaf, which, to say truth, Tom had brought to Gosvell road sometimes, and that the country, knowing that it was to be procured at this one shop, had made the best use of her time to get there, and obtain the coveted fancy for her sick parent.

It happened that the policeman, with that rigid red-pipeline which is apt to run rampant in the "ironscing" way, had brought in his hand the identical article which poor Ida had been set on obtaining, and, in due course, he proffered it to the observation of the bench.

The magistrate beheld a simple roll, such as furnished forth late breakfast-tables in ordinary. He resisted how the child's eyes followed the coveted morsel even now, as, with a small sigh as of apology for the desire to prove a witness to a luxury—she said, "Because mother was so poorly."

I don't like to suppose a great man capable of a weakness, yet it is certain that the magistrate seemed to have found a sudden attraction in some paper which lay before him, and that he used his handkerchief, and cleared his throat vociferously, before he recovered himself with much show of clearness, "Has any one made inquiries as to the truth of the statement?—Order of the mother, is she present?"

There was a stir in the court—a commotion. A policeman made a passage through the crowd to the witness-box; as he went, every head under attention reached it, there was a loud cry—an exclamation, and the child was clasped in the arms of a woman, clinging to her shirt, grasping her with the one hand, and sobbing out, with a hoarse tender agitation, the word "mother," while the tears which terror had withheld burst forth with convulsive violence.

It was a sad scandal to the gravity of the court, but what was to protest against it? The apathetic usher roared himself blue in the face; the policeman executed sundry evolutions apparently to no specific end; the magistrate employed himself in flourishing his pen, and in the majesty of the Law and her myrmidons roiled forth one mass upon another, as the waves beat and tossh of the all-dominant Nature.

The woman—she was not to be scared, the boys and girls, who didn't care twopence, in fact, raised the opportunity for making a row, and Nelly was placed in a position less ignominious than that in which she had just been. Order, as a help to the elucidation of the child's tale, which had now come to the front in such strong colors in the mind of the magistrate, she was permitted to remain with her mother, and to do.

"Your name is ——," the good magistrate observed, assisting, with courtesy, the hesitation which was evident, and easily accounted for, by the appearance of the woman. "Your name is Frankton?"

"Yes, sir," in a low voice; "my real name is ——"—with what an effort she spoke it—"is Magiores."

A loud exclamation in the knot of people behind her, and a hysterical scream, told that the secret was out, and the first-shot, "which always did come to the front," was heard with considerable applause in the mind of the magistrate, she was permitted to retire, and the witness called

FALSE AND FAIR.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

'Tis true thine eyes are like the stars,
That dock the brow of night;
Thy form is grace its very self,
So beautiful and bright.
And when I hear thy voice, it falls
Like music on my heart,
And yet I fear to trust the charms—
I know how false they are.

Thy laugh is sweet and musical,
Like zephyrs midst the flowers;
Thy steps are like a young gazelle's
Among her nature's bowers;
And speech of hope, and faith, and love,
Are ever on thy lips,
And yet within my heart I find
How false and frail thou art.

Oh, yes, thou art most beautiful,
But false as thou art fair;
And all in vain thou spreadest nets
To lure me to thy snare:
I'll not be caught as others act or fair
At Paradise can be;
But, oh, there never shall have power
To triumph over me.

FIGHT WITH A POLAR BEAR.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

During a recent interview with an old acquaintance, who has spent several years of his life on board a northern whaler, he related several exciting incidents of his perilous career; and, among his rest, the subjoined terrific encounter with a polar bear.

"One day," said the narrator, quoting his language from where the interest of the present relation really begins, "as several of us were looking at a very beautiful iceberg, which was slowly drifting west to leeward, I fancied I saw something move upon it, and remarked the same to my companions.

"'Oh, bless your eyes, Ned,' replied one with a laugh, 'you're always seeing something wonderful, and no doubt you'll try to persuade us now that some great leviathan, or devil-monster, or some other heathen, is off on a voyage of discovery.'

"'Well, no one knows better than you, Tom, that my eyes have once, at least, done good service, since, if it had not been for them, not a night you were knocked overboard, you would long since have been food for fishes.'

"'Right there, shipmate; but what do you make it out? I can't see anything but a bank of ice.'

"'I can only assert I see something move on the ice,' I answered; 'I will not pretend to say what it is at this distance without the aid of a glass.'

"'I don't see anything,' was the response of several others in succession.

"'A white bear!' observed the mate, who had overheard my first remark, and now stood quietly looking at the object through a telescope.

"This announcement produced quite a sensation on board, and enlisted several wits/sters at this exposure of the mate's short-sightedness, who was thus navigating the ocean in so novel a manner, solitary and alone.

"'Whose white bear's bound?' said one.

"'Likes to see his log?' said another.

"'Can't you get closer, professional, observed a third.

"'Expect he isn't hard on the helm?' remarked a fourth.

"He'll get on for time of it, at least?' put in a punster.

"For the last two or three days we had not had any special excitement, and several of us were eager for some daring adventure. We asked leave to go in quest of the bear, and our captain, one of the kindest-hearted men in the world, assented, but with several words of caution, which I, for were too much disorganized. Our vessel was run down to what was considered a safe distance, and two—six, and ten of us, armed with guns, pistols, axes, spears, harpoons, bombshells, &c., pulled away merrily for the scene of action.

"We all of us knew something of the nature and power of the beast we were going to attack—but the white bear of the polar regions is the largest, most ferocious, and fearless one of all his species—for, besides what we had seen of the animal, we had listened to many of our natural encounters, and hair-breadth escapes, and bloody catastrophes; but all this we pushed forward with the light-hearted recklessness of sailors, and more especially when, as now, only their lives so much in their hands, and got so used to danger as not to feel contented without a fact scarcity.

"For myself, as we neared the mighty floating fabric of the polar regions—built without hands by one of the immutable laws of the Great Architect of Nature—straighing its glittering towers, and domes, and dungeons of spray, to lay up into the clear sunlight, which was flashed back, as from mirrors and prisms, with a brightness and prismaticness that could not be equaled by palace of silver and gold and precious gems,—I confess I felt a time forgot the object of our expedition, and yielded my senses to a sort of rapt contemplation of the beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of the icy structure before me.

"There she blows!' was the jocular remark of the boatswain, recalling me to myself.

"We had been approaching the object which had hid the bear from our view; but at the moment of the exclamation, we had just passed a point from which Brain again became visible. He was taking in a sort of drift-ice, which was fast above the water, and looking very contented and unsuspicious, till he got a sight of us in such close proximity, when he seemed to suddenly change his placidity into a condition of temper more befitting the ferocious brute he really was, growling loudly, showing his teeth, and then giving me his warning shot we might expect trouble should we venture to assail him on his own domain.

"He was indeed a most formidable-looking antagonist—measuring at least, twelve feet in length, with a corresponding height, breadth and bulk—and I remember wondering what chance a man would have for his life if once fairly within the stroke of his powerful paws, and I know that the Hon of Asia and Africa is acknowledged to be the king of beasts and lord of the wilderness; but I am inclined to believe he does not compare in either strength or ferocity with this dangerous monster of the polar seas.

"As our boat was brought round in front of the brute, at the distance of some two hundred yards, I ventured to advise the mate to fire on ours, and holding a sort of council-of-war, before proceeding to so attack which clearly promised to be a most dangerous one indeed; but my suggestion was unheeded—the mate evidently considering asserting there would be little or no danger in advancing close and pouring in a volley, as I stated, would be too badly wounded from so many balls to do us any harm, even if not killed outright.

"So we rowed up to within perhaps seventy-five yards—the bear growling and growling at us all the while—and then the boat was brought round, broadside to, and every man took up his gun and got ready to fire at the word. Sailors, as a general thing, are not good marksmen, and I readily calculated that not more than half our balls would hit the beast, even at that short distance, and thought it more than doubtful if either one of the balls, or all combined, would give him a mortal wound. But I was not the commander, and had only to obey orders; and so, taking the last aim I could, I fired with the rest, and had the instant mortification and chagrin of seeing the savage animal leap from his perch into the water, and make directly toward us, swimming with a swiftness and vigor that showed he was more angered than hurt.

"All was now confusion and dismay, even the boldest and most daring fearfully realizing. We knew how to manage whales, but we had not served in the

"'Give way, lads! give for the love of God, give way!' shouted the mate.

"'It needed no discomfiture but his own personal danger to make every one do his best; and the monster's labor continued at his oar would not escape him for enough we were nearing the little boat over the light waves at its greatest speed, we could see that the bear was gaining on us at every stroke.

"'It was now arranged that a part should keep up the chase and all the rest be ready with our axes, knives, pistols, and so forth, to assail the monster as soon as he should come within reach. Our guns, already discharged were useless, nobody seeming to think it worth while to reload them. It was my lot to be stationed in the stern, armed only with an ax; and as I stood and watched the gradual approach of the beast, coming up nearer and nearer, showing his head, showing his teeth, and growling savagely between each fog of the cross-waves, I thought it not improbable that I should be the first to fall.

"Meantime, my friends, in their fair-off home, be left to mourn the untimely death of the wanderer. But with all this I felt no disposition to shrink from the danger, and stood firmly grasping my axe, and, for, if I must, like a man and not a coward. Pale I was unquestionably, but I knew I was calm externally, and I grasped my weapon with a firmness and determination that I myself did not at that moment credit. You think perhaps I am making a mountain of a mole-hill; but just wait till you have been in the same situation yourself, and then come polar bear, and then decide which takes the most courage, to stand firmly and quietly there, or force a battery of cannon.

"Nearer came the beast, blowing, snorting and growling, his eyes in his anger looking like balls of fire, and as he came up within a few feet, I swung my ax for a blow at his skull. But this animal possessed a far more wicked one commenced firing their pistols at his head, which seemed to infuriate rather than daunt him, and check his progress. The men at the oars, encouraged by the example which I had set, and began to increase the distance between ourselves and the animal, while those armed with the chief whether to continue the pursuit or beat a retreat.

"There is no doubt, if we had kept steadily on, that we might have succeeded in the end without being further molested, would probably have returned to the iceberg; but the very instinct that showed the monster his danger afforded him a resolve to conquer at all hazards; he turned suddenly, and with a savage growl, from the ship, and we were not disposed to see another party pursued in the same way. The harpooner with us, who was anxious to try his skill upon some of the monsters, now threw the precision of a master of his art, he hurled his weapon through the air, and it buried itself to the fore-shoulders of the beast. With a perfect howl of rage and pain, the bear turned from the water, and then plunged forward for his revenge, fairly making for the boat which contained the harpoon.

"We saw there was no chance of escaping by flight now, and therefore, as the monster drew to every man seized upon some weapon and prepared himself to fight it out to the death. As the furious beast came up near enough for my blow, I struck with all my might, aiming for his skull, just as he was in the act of seizing the gunnel with his teeth; but at that moment the boat was given a little more space for her oars, missed, and I was pitched head-foremost into the water, almost into the monster's very jaws. Instantly for me he was an intent upon attacking the boat, and I struck out for it with all my might. I was not one already in his power; and retaining my presence of mind, and the use of my limbs, I was immediately down, passed under the boat, and reached the other side in safety.

"The fight meantime had become quite desperate, and the men, in the boat, being huddled together in a small space, were having an awkward time of it—some trying to get at their weapons, to keep the ferocious beast from crushing or upsetting the boat, and others struggling with his teeth and claws; and the bear on his part, being determined upon his revenge at all hazards, was making constant efforts to drive himself into the boat, right in the teeth of blows and wounds that were showered upon him from knives and spears. By one bold, rapid movement, he had succeeded in getting one fore-paw over the gunnel, when, before he could make good his hold, or accomplish more of the same, by a well directed blow with his axe, chopped it clean off. Even this unnatural wound did not intimidate him the brute, and he continued his assaults with all the fury of a demon.

"At length, when, covered with blood and wounds, the shrieks and groans of the men were getting too weak to maintain the unequal contest, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves that at last the victory was ours—just at this moment, when all hopes or power I never could conceive, the dying monster, with a horrible awful roar, that rings in my ears yet, suddenly lunged half out of the water, and came down with his fore-quarters upon the stern of the boat, crushing in as if it were a mere cockle-shell, knocking down two of the men, seizing one poor fellow in his teeth, and pitching the rest of us into the sea, and some of us into his very clutches.

"Merciful God! what shouts and screams, and what a scene of wild confusion, as each man sought to save himself, regardless of every other! and oh! what a wild, despairing, appalling shriek came from the poor fellow whose very bones were now being crunched in the jaws of the monster! No human power could save him, and no one changed his course to offer human aid. No one knew whose turn it might be next, and every man struck off for the approaching boats, or to swim for life.

"But the bear did not follow us. As if satisfied with his revenge, he remained almost unclaiming, growling over and crunching his victim, till the two boats, picking up the rest of us on board, drew off from the field, and pointed in a volley, which almost riddled him and ended the bloody conflict.

"Then we collected the mangled remains of

our poor comrade for decent burial, and towed the monster-beast ashore to the beach, every man secretly vowing he would never be caught in another fatal attack upon the unsafe lord of the polar regions."

TO A PICTURE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Is this all left? my rose-red lips,
Where, where are your cry in sight?
You have only one of your thousand lights,
Your beautiful, beautiful eyes.

The same sweet brow, and dazzling hair—
Ah, no! the same no more!
Ah, cruse and be folded in mine again,
My dear little picture of yore!

O sweet faith, with thee not yield
'Tis the night of love like me!
I have seen the dawn cold earth in th' rain
Blaze wild and red with flowers!

Still, still, for I see I did you wrong,
That your leather love consoled,
Ready, always, like a ray of sun,
And say that the wound is healed!

See, see! I am on my knees! a gay heart
In th' shade I in the gallop, to start!
O thou that the hearts and souls are broken
Come, come to me, heart of my heart!

Lo! I am the same white hand; see now,
My rose-red mouth! tho' it kill—
Clasp, clasp, my darling, your smile to a frame
Be my thing, but so still.

TRAVELING ITEMS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Gentlemen, are any of you insane enough to leave your quiet, cozy home, this dog-day, dreadweather, just for the pleasure of going tearing about the country, at the heels of a red-hot locomotive? Are any of you in such a stumbrous ornamented not to "blow up" oftener than three times a year? If so, and you will take my word for it, you will then you wouldn't undertake any such wild-goose chase on your own account. You will go no shooting expeditions, scrambling up mountains to scare antlers out of the clouds, nor hunch heavy enough to sink the Great Eastern another party fishing excursion, nor even a backbark mosquito scarred, and tattered, with a disengage one of your fingers, or any of the more humble bones of flesh and sinew. You never go to Saratoga, nor to the sea-shore, nor even manage to catch a miserable little stickleback, or a consumptive minnow in the brook, to "spoil your trout." You don't believe in pitching and boating and camping-out, and all that sort of thing. You don't even know what you're well off. But your wives, more's the pity, are not generally so sensible as they ought to be, and so, every little summer vacation, they will persist in having their annual "change," and you are the victim.

Now, if you could but open to "child-nature," as you do the man with the grocer's bill you've arranged high and low, and brought every alternatives—close to submit to a regimen of cures, hygeian and water, or to lie down and unreasonable angels have their own way. Of course, if you are such a fool, you will adopt the latter arrangement—if you are a brute, you will resist, and then we